

THE LIVING AGE.

Seventh Series }
Volume XXVII. }

No. 3179—June 1 1905.

} From Beginning
Vol. CCXLV.

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LEAVETAKING.

Pass, thou wild light,
Wild light on peaks that so
Grieve to let go
The day.
Lovely thy tarrying, lovely too is night:
Pass thou away.

Pass, thou wild heart,
Wild heart of youth that still
Hast half a will
To stay.
I grow too old a comrade, let us part.
Pass thou away.

William Watson.

THE CALL OF THE SPRING.

Come, choose our road and away, my
lad,

Come, choose your road and away!
We'll out of the town by the road's
bright crown

As it dips to the dazzling day.
It's a long white road for the weary;
But it rolls through the heart of the
May.

Though many a road would merrily
ring

To the tramp of your marching feet,
All roads are one from the day that's
done,

And the miles are swift and sweet,
And the graves of your friends are the
mile-stones

To the land where all roads meet.

But the call that you hear this day,
my lad,

Is the Spring's old bugle of mirth
When the year's green fire in a soul's
desire

Is brought like a rose to the birth;
And knights ride out to adventure
As the flowers break out of the earth.

Over the sweet-smelling mountain-
passes

The clouds lie brightly curled;
The wild-flowers cling to the crags and
swing

With cataract-dews impearled;
And the way, the way that you choose
this day

Is the way to the end of the world.

It rolls from the golden long ago
To the land that we ne'er shall find;
And it's uphill here, but it's downhill
there,

For the road is wise and kind,
And all rough places and cheerless
faces

Will soon be left behind.

Come, choose your road and away,
away,

We'll follow the gypsy sun;
For it's soon, too soon to the end of
the day,

And the day is well begun;
And the road rolls on through the heart
of the May

And there's never a May but one.

There's a fir-wood here, and a dog-rose
there,

And a note of the mating dove;
And a glimpse, maybe, of the warm
blue sea,

And the warm white clouds above;
And warm to your breast in a tenderer
nest

Your sweetheart's little glove.

There's not much better to win, my
lad,

There's not much better to win!
You have lived, you have loved, you
have fought, you have proved

The worth of folly and sin;
So now come out of the City's rout,
Come out of the dust and the din.

Come out,—a bundle and stick is all
You'll need to carry along,

If your heart can carry a kindly word,
And your lips can carry a song;
You may leave the lave to the keep
o' the grave,

If your lips can carry a song!

*Come, choose your road and away, my
lad,*

*Come, choose your road and away!
We'll out of the town by the road's bright
crown,*

*As it dips to the sapphire day!
All roads may meet at the world's end,
But, hey for the heart of the May!*

*Come, choose your road and away, dear
lad,*

Come, choose your road and away.

Alfred Noyes.

The Spectator.

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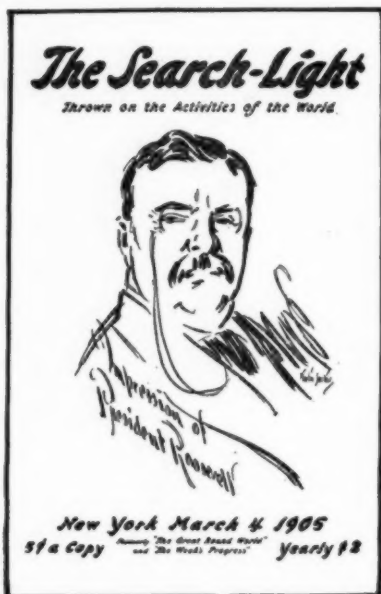
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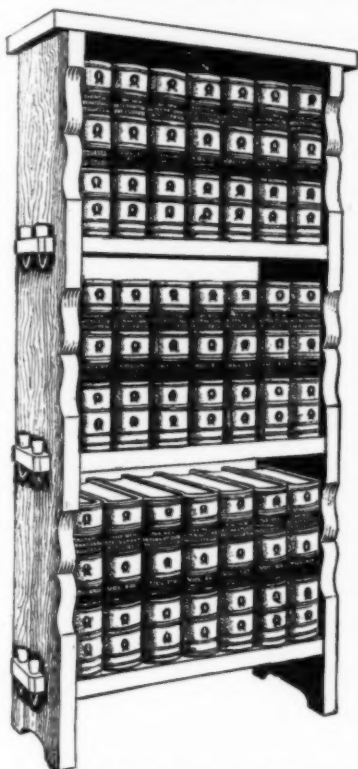
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THE RECONSTRUCTION OF BELIEF.

I.

USEFUL AND USELESS METHODS OF RELIGIOUS APOLOGETIC.

I have elsewhere urged that none of the more popular methods which the apologists of religious belief employ in their attacks on science are useful for the desired purpose: but my object in endeavoring to show that certain methods are false has been merely to direct attention to others which I regard as true. It is the nature of one of these last that I propose to indicate here. On my previous arguments I have no occasion to insist; for, except incidentally, they are not essential to what follows. They form, however, a convenient—even if some should think a disputable—introduction to it: and I will therefore restate, in a few words, what they come to.

They come to this. The great preliminary lesson which every thinker should learn who proposes to attack science in the interests of theistic religion, is that he will never attack it successfully by attempting to show that, on the face of it, its expla-

nation of man and the universe is physically or metaphysically incomplete. On the contrary, if we are content to regard man as a being endowed with consciousness, feeling and reason, and abstain from any judgment as to the various uses which he does make, might make, or ought to make of these faculties, the account which science gives us of the human mind or soul as a product evolved from the general substance of the universe, subject to its laws, and transitory like its other phenomena, is an account which, apart from the inevitable incompleteness of its details, so satisfies the intellect, and is so supported by evidence, as to leave practically no room for any other.

In what way, then, is it open to attack at all? At what point, and with reference to what facts, should the attack logically begin? This is the question which I propose to deal with here.

II.

GENERAL SKETCH OF AN APOLOGETIC WHICH TAKES AS ITS BASIS THE ANALYZED EFFECTS OF BELIEF ON HUMAN CIVILIZATION GENERALLY.

The possible inability of science to explain everything first makes itself felt when, turning to things as they are, we realize that we ourselves never do, for practical purposes, look upon man in the spirit, or in anything approaching to the spirit of detachment just described. We look upon him, and history shows that he has always looked upon himself, not merely as a being who is capable of living, acting and enjoying himself somehow, but as a being who is bound to live, act and enjoy himself in some specific way, in comparison with which all others are inferior, or even vile. This is illustrated by the fact that all civilized races, however various their ideas of civilization may be, regard civilization of some sort as essentially higher than savagery. Moreover, when we thus consider human life in the concrete, we are struck by the farther fact that, even if the scientific account of man's nature and origin be true, yet civilized men at all events, from the earliest times till now, have always believed that it was not true. That is to say, they have all of them, consciously or unconsciously, held beliefs with regard to their own nature and destiny for which science can find no room, and which, indeed, it definitely extrudes from the sphere of reasonable conjecture; and a multitude of their acts and feelings have been determined by these contrary beliefs. Of this phenomenon the example most significant for ourselves is supplied by the history of the great Christian civilizations, and consists in their unanimous belief in the God of Christian theism. Modern civilization and theism have grown up together.

Now modern civilization, the civilization which we all inherit, besides se-

curing for us our present material advantages, which it need hardly be said we are determined not to lose, has imbued life with a number of developed qualities, moral, æsthetic and intellectual, which it is equally certain we are determined not to lose either. The question, then, which at once suggests itself is as follows:—Has the historical association of this civilization with theism been merely an accident; or has the latter been an active cause of the former? Do these qualities of life which we are determined not to lose depend on the beliefs by which their development has been accompanied? And if they do depend on them, to what precise extent do they do so? Or, in other words, what would be the practical effects on the quality of life generally, if all theistic belief were really expunged from our consciousness, and the scientific conception of existence universally took the place of it?

Here we come to the point at which the apologist of theistic belief will open his dispute with science as to its claim to explain everything. Assuming, for the moment, on the one hand, that the scientific doctrine is true, and examining, on the other hand, the facts of human nature in action—amongst these being man's belief in the doctrines of theistic religion, he will set himself to demonstrate by means of a systematic analysis what precise part this belief, no matter whether it be true or false, has played in the progress of the nations and the development of the human character; and, whether, or how far, our moral and æsthetic civilization could ever have been produced, or could continue to exist, without it. If this belief, for which science can find no place, and which in many respects it

contradicts, should on examination be found to have no value practically—if, for example, like the story of Alfred and the cakes, it takes with it, when we reject it, nothing besides itself, and if the quality of our lives is not otherwise altered by its disappearance—then it will not only not be possible to reinstate it, but no one would have any reason for trying or even wishing to do so. But if, on the contrary, we find that this belief does really fulfil certain far-reaching social functions, and that what we all of us look upon as the higher human activities would cease altogether if this belief were withdrawn, the defender of religion at once has a basis of world-wide fact on which to found a presumption that this belief must be true. His task, no

doubt, will not be ended even then; but he will have taken at all events an important step towards his goal. I shall now attempt to show how this step may be most effectively taken; and I may observe, in anticipation of results, that up to the point in question, he will, if he goes to work properly, be altogether triumphant, whilst his scientific opponents will be impotent in proportion as their science is sound.

It is no part of my present purpose, nor could it be possible here, to attempt any portion of the necessary analysis in detail. I shall confine myself to giving a rough sketch or skeleton of it, which will exhibit its general method, and the course which it will most naturally follow.

III.

THE VINDICATION, ON SCIENTIFIC GROUNDS, OF BELIEF AS A CAUSAL FACTOR, WHICH HUXLEY AND OTHERS SOUGHT TO SHOW IT COULD NOT BE.

The object of the analysis in question being to discover the effects produced on the quality of men's feelings by a mode of consciousness consisting of a definite religious belief, it will be well to preface the investigation by demonstrating and emphasizing a fact which, though most people never question it, men of science during the last century did much to obscure. I mean the fact that (apart from any theory which assumes or suggests that the mind is not one with the body) certain states of consciousness do, in virtue of their conscious character, form true causal links in the process of organic life, of which causal states beliefs are the most important.

It is desirable that the apologist should establish this fact fully; because Huxley and others, whose school is still influential, have thought themselves bound to maintain that consciousness in all its forms (belief, of course, being included in them) is

nothing more than what they called an "epiphenomenon," or cerebral by-product, which registers what the brain does, but has no share in directing it. It is easy to see how this opinion arose. Since states of consciousness and the states of brain which correspond to them are—so Huxley and his fellow thinkers argued—merely two aspects of one undivided fact, there cannot possibly be any interaction between them, any more than there can be interaction between a red-hot poker and its redness. There can be, in other words, one causal factor only; and since the development of the brain antecedes the development of consciousness, and since consciousness cannot therefore be the cause of the brain-states which form its basis, the only active factor must be the mechanism of the brain itself, which determines the content of consciousness by a previous non-conscious process. Now, if this were really so, it would

follow that the whole human race might have been as unconscious as so many Dutch dolls, and yet human history in other respects would have been just what it has been. The same words would have been spoken, the same books would have been written, though no one attached any meaning to either; and battles would have been fought and nations risen and fallen, without anybody knowing what a battle or a nation was. But since this conclusion is revolting to common sense, Huxley and his friends endeavor to find a refuge in declaring that the changes in consciousness are not really caused by the changes in the brain, but are parallel to them. Unless, however, this language is meant to mask the admission that consciousness in its origin and its essence is independent of the brain altogether—which is the very thing that Huxley and his school deny—the doctrine of parallelism is merely a misleading restatement of the old unmanageable doctrine for which it is put forward as a substitute. It is like saying that the redness of a red-hot poker is not caused by, but is parallel to, the condition of the heated iron.

Now the truth which the religious apologist will have to elucidate here is that, considered from the scientific point of view, the difficulty thus vainly contended with is altogether an imaginary one. The right way of putting the case is as follows. Even if states of consciousness cannot, as independent things, react on the brain, any more than the brain can act on them as things independent of itself, yet tracts of the brain, when they come to be in such a condition that consciousness emerges from them, like the glow that emerges from hot iron, are different in respect both of their own immediate behavior, and the subsequent changes (whether conscious or not) which they initiate, from what they are when in

such conditions that the phenomenon of consciousness is absent—just as a red-hot poker will set paper alight, but a poker until it has reached red heat will not; or just as the effects of a certain tract of hay, growing hot in the middle of a rick, are different if it bursts into flame, from what they are if it does not.

This fact, then—namely, that the causality of states of consciousness is in perfect accord with the strictest principles of science—having been rescued from the cloud in which the scientists of the nineteenth century had involved it, let the religious apologist give his exclusive attention to those states of consciousness which alone concern him here—that is to say, states of conscious belief. Let him begin by considering these states of belief generally; and avoiding those that are specialized by any religious character, let him merely show, as he very easily can do, how essential the part is which conscious belief, as such, plays in determining firstly, most of the normal conduct, and secondly, the most important of the normal feelings of mankind. Then let him turn from the effects of belief in general to those of a belief in the doctrines of theistic religion. The preliminary demonstrations need not detain him long.

With regard to belief as determining ordinary conduct, what he will have to insist on is, to a certain extent, a platitude; but it is less of a platitude than it seems to be. Of course every child could tell us that our conduct, in a great many cases, is determined by our belief as to its effects, and if the belief were absent, would not take place at all. The child knows, for example, that people wind up their watches because they believe that by doing so they will make their watches go. But to this rule there are very many exceptions. We often wind up our watches not knowing what we are doing; and hypnotism and somnambu-

lism give us a whole system of actions, to which a belief in their consequences is vulgarly supposed to be essential, but which are performed by persons whose consciousness is altogether in abeyance. But conduct such as this, in which conscious belief is absent, merely serves to accentuate the importance of the part it plays when present. A few illustrations would suffice to render this fact intelligible. Thus, amongst others the apologist might take the following—the case of a man with a morbid craving for alcohol, who is shut up alone in a room with a bottle of port wine. If no influence from outside interferes with him, he will probably empty the bottle in obedience to a blind craving, conscious belief playing no more part in the matter than it does in the case of a baby when it first draws milk from its mother; but let him be made to believe that the bottle of port is poisoned, and he will, instead of drinking it, throw the bottle out of the window. By means of illustrations such as this, it will be perfectly easy to show that, however wide the field and however profound the significance of non-conscious or sub-conscious conduct may be, yet as soon as our actions rise above the threshold of consciousness, definite conscious beliefs are a causal and determining element, and that human life would be reduced to chaos without them.

With regard to belief as determining ordinary feeling, it will have to be admitted that Professor Huxley's conception of consciousness as the by-product of unconscious processes, with which belief has nothing at all to do, is in the case of feeling more plausible than in that of conduct. Hunger, sexual appetency, the feelings produced by color or cold or heat—these and many others, in their simpler forms at all events, have no association with any beliefs whatever; and in great measure the same observation is applicable to states

of feeling of a much more complex kind—for instance, the state which we call high animal spirits. This is specially instructive, because animals experience it no less than men. It is obviously experienced by kittens and frisking lambs. Now in the case of a kitten or a lamb no one would be tempted to regard it as anything else but a by-product of the conditions of their unconscious organisms; and what is true of lambs and kittens is in this respect true of men. Men have their animal spirits just as lambs and kittens have; and for them, too, this exhilaration is the product of organic conditions of the very nature of which nine people out of ten know nothing. But let us compare this form of good spirits with others, from which in many respects it is often hardly distinguishable. A boy comes down to breakfast, listless and without appetite, because he believes that he has failed to pass for the army. On the breakfast table is a letter which tells him that his name heads the list of competitors. A sudden change takes place in his whole system. His spirits become like those of a lamb in spring: but they differ from the lamb's in one thing—they differ essentially in their origin. Their origin is a conscious belief—a belief which, itself an effect of causes external to the boy, is in its turn the cause of a farther effect within him.

Without going beyond rudimentary examples such as these, it will be easy, then, to render the following truth indisputable; that, though our feelings in their simplest forms are independent of any conscious belief, yet they are in actual life constantly being elaborated into experiences of a new order by conscious beliefs reacting on this quasi-passive material. Nor is this all. If the enquiry is pursued a very little farther, it will be seen that our states of feeling become deeper, richer,

amplifier and more specifically human, in exact proportion as beliefs play a part in determining them. A good example of this is a man's love for a woman, which in proportion as it rises above a mere desire for her person, does so because it is associated with a system of beliefs about herself. And the same result with regard to the action of belief as the great factor determining the emotional quality of our lives will be yielded by analysis—let us apply it as we will—even to our sense of what is comic, absurd, or humorous. Thus a man's conceited behavior is absurd, or an argument used by him is absurd, because it embodies some belief about himself or about other things which the common sense of the rest of the world rejects.

Thus far the apologist will have considered belief without any reference to beliefs of any special kind, regarding it merely as a psycho-mechanical

agency, and aiming merely at showing that what human beings do and feel is so determined by it that, in all forms of civilization, the quasi-passive data of consciousness are only the raw material which conscious belief transforms into the finished product. But when once the causal activity of belief in general has been elucidated, the apologist will proceed to narrow his field of enquiry, and concentrate his attention on those beliefs in particular which form the intellectual essence of what we here mean by religion—the beliefs, namely, in God, in moral freedom and in immortality. But before we go farther let us put before ourselves once more the precise object which here the apologist will have in view, and consider certain points of what we may call philosophical diplomacy, which, if he wishes to convert his opponents, he will do well to remember.

IV.

THE SPECIFIC EFFECTS OF THE PRIMARY RELIGIOUS BELIEFS, THESE TO BE STUDIED IN CIVILIZED LIFE AT LARGE, RATHER THAN IN THE RELIGIOUS LIFE AS SUCH.

The aim of the apologist, in undertaking such an analysis as this, will be to establish a presumption that theistic religion is true by showing that a belief in the theistic God, together with the allied beliefs in man's moral freedom and immortality have been active and indispensable agents in producing what we call civilization, and that our mental and moral civilization could not exist without them. But in seeking to show this, there are two tactical mistakes into which the apologist, especially if he be a Christian and a cleric, will be very likely to fall, and against which he should be cautioned. In the first place he will be tempted, when he is speaking of the belief in God, to assume that the character of God must be of that specific moral type which his own form of Christianity, Catholic

or Calvinistic, imputes to Him; and, in the second place, when he is dealing with moral and mental civilization, he will be tempted to confine, or, at any rate, give most of, his attention to what in its narrowest sense is called the religious life. Let him resist both temptations, reserving such treatment of his subject for a very much later stage. In dealing with the belief in God, let him refrain, when he begins his argument, from attributing to God any more specific qualities than a trans-scientific personality which contains, in responsive perfection, everything that any man looks upon as beautiful, or sublime, or good, or in any way supremely satisfying. Similarly, in dealing with civilization, let him carefully refrain at first from laying any stress whatever on those special

moods or exercises, such as prayer, or worship, or conscious communion with the divine, which Christians associate with the life specifically called religious, and confine himself to those interests, principles, affections and æsthetic enjoyments which are commonly supposed to be the rivals rather than the dependents of religion, but are generally recognized as the constituents of advanced culture and refinement.

The reason for this procedure is one with which no Christian should quarrel, if he reflects on what the essential business of the apologist of religion is. It is not to convince men who agree with him in his Christianity, or even in his theism. It is to convince men who at present agree with him in neither. It is to convince men for many of whom the specifically religious life has no natural fascination. If, then, in speaking of God, he will have no God at all, unless it be the God of Knox, or Dr. Martineau, or the Blessed Margaret Mary, he will alienate the larger part of his possible listeners at starting: whereas if he speaks of a God who is indeterminately good first, he at once secures the sympathy that must always precede assent. In the same way, if when dealing with civilization he treats the religious life as its most important element, and the loss of it as the principal injury which the triumph of unbelief would inflict on us, many of those whom he is most concerned to reach will feel that if this is so it does not very much matter—that

if the religious life, with its church-goings and its sermons, went, it would on the whole be rather a good thing. But let the apologist cast his nets wider, and show that not only the religious life, but all the higher forms of irreligious life also, would suffer equally were the beliefs in question withdrawn; and he and all whom he may address will have a common ground to stand upon.

So much, then, having been settled, the apologist will be ready to start his analytic work. Taking the three religious beliefs in order, and tracing out their special effects on human conduct and feeling, he will seek to show that all the other beliefs which make for and determine civilization, as the civilized races of mankind have hitherto known and valued it, have been ultimately connected, as though with nervous centres, with these religious beliefs consciously held and cherished, or have else contained them implicitly as their only logical explanation. And now let us consider the course which this analysis should take, or the order in which the three beliefs can be most conveniently dealt with. Different orders might commend themselves to different people; but according to the one which I shall follow in these suggestions the belief in Freedom will come first, the belief in God second and the belief in immortality last; and I think this order will show itself as the one which is most effective and logical.

V.

THE GENERAL EFFECTS ON LIFE OF A BELIEF IN HUMAN FREEDOM.

How, then, does the belief in Freedom affect human civilization? Or conversely, were the belief obliterated, how would civilization suffer? Such is the question which the apologist must here set himself to answer: and his first step should be to put an answer

aside with which defenders of Freedom hitherto have been too often content. This consists of the well-known contention that, unless we are free agents, legal punishments are unjust and all moral discrimination meaningless; and that if we cease to believe that we are

free, no self-restraint will be possible. This is absolutely untrue. Legal punishments arise from social necessities. So does a large class of moral discriminations and self-restraints. We should be no more inclined to tolerate the murderer, the thief, the habitual cheat or liar, on the ground that their faults were engrained in their very natures, than the captain of a cricket eleven would tolerate an incompetent bowler on the ground that the man bowled badly because he could not possibly bowl better. Our punishments and dislikes would have this very obvious meaning—that those who were the objects of them were incapable of playing the social game, and could not, for that reason, be allowed to take part in it, but would have to be shunned, shut up, or, perhaps, on occasion exterminated; whilst those who did not wish to be thus expelled from the playground would have the strongest motives alike for exerting and restraining themselves to such a degree as would secure their right to remain on it.

For the distinctive effects of a belief in human freedom the analyst will have to look very much deeper than the mere apportionment of penalties and approvals to certain kinds of conduct. It must, to put the whole case in a nutshell, be sought for in the fact that a belief in our own freedom lies at the root of our entire conception of personality. Thus a lover values the love of his mistress because he believes that it is freely given to him by herself, and originates in herself, and is not a mood forced on her through the medium of her organism from without, like a headache due to a thunderstorm. The case of generosity will yield us a like conclusion. We call a man generous because he forgets an injury; but we do so because we believe that the forgetting is his own act, having its origin altogether within himself, and that it is not thrust upon

him from without by a chance concussion of the brain, due to a tumble on the ice, or, perhaps, to a falling brick.

Again, we may take the kindred case of forgiveness, and we shall see that without a belief in human freedom, to forgive an injury would be an act even more meaningless than to forget it; or, rather, an act that could not take place at all. Without such a belief, to comprehend everything is not to pardon everything, but to realize that nothing is either susceptible of pardon or requires it. Or, yet again, we may take the case of a man who risks his life to secure some great benefit for his country. Even if such a man were no more free than a steam-engine, we should value him, doubtless, as a useful social apparatus. But the importance of the practical part played by our belief in freedom is shown by the difference between the praise which the world bestows on its heroes and that which it bestows on good rifles and steam-engines.

If the analyst pursues his investigations on these lines, he will have little difficulty in reaching the broad conclusion that in man, as he appears in life, love, art, history, biography, everything is colored for us by, and all our interest depends on, an underlying belief that he is endowed with some faculty of freedom—the belief that we and our fellows are to a certain extent the originators and controllers of our own acts and feelings, and are not merely so many heads pullulating from one cosmic body, and nodding at each other or making faces at each other as the body sways or twitches them.

Such, then, will be the scope, and such the results of the analysis by which the apologist will demonstrate the functional character of man's belief in the primary postulate of theism—his belief that his will is free.

VI.

THE GENERAL EFFECTS ON LIFE OF A BELIEF IN GOD.

The next belief to be dealt with is the belief in God—that is to say in a Being who is conscious and perfect (let us give to the word perfection what meaning we will) and whose perfection is approachable for man by means of appropriate conduct. And here again the investigator will seek for the results of belief, not in any direct expressions of it, such as creeds, prayers, definite adorations and so forth, but in indirect results in which its presence is implied or latent, and not on the surface recognizable. He will take all those moods, hopes, efforts, those critical valuations of character, action, and the results of action, and those self-orientations of the mind, which are usually connoted or suggested by the comprehensive term "aspirations," and a marked want of which always renders a man, in the common judgment of everybody, not so much irreligious as tasteless, foolish and degraded. That such is the case will be evident when we consider what these traits are. They resolve themselves into a recognition and an appreciation of three things—the True, the Beautiful and the Good. No one could be regarded otherwise than as a fool, a savage, or a madman, who was deliberately indifferent to these, or who professed a preference for their opposites.

Let our investigator, then, begin with the desire for, and the appreciation of, what is true. Truth in social dealings has doubtless a justification in its utility, which will not carry us farther than the necessities of social existence; but beyond truth of this kind, a general impression prevails that the truth of things in itself, and apart from any immediate uses, possesses a value which, if indeterminate, is profound. This impression becomes an active conviction only amongst a mi-

nority in whom the speculative impulse is strong; but in the popular passion of curiosity, which is essentially a desire for truth quite apart from any question of its utility, the conviction of the minority has its counterpart amongst human beings in general. The desire for truth, however, in its purest and most developed form will be that with which the investigator will here mainly concern himself. This, it is needless to say, he will find in modern science; and the case of science will, for his present purpose, possess a peculiar value on account of the notorious fact that it not only is not identified with religious belief, but by most modern scientists is supposed to be entirely inconsistent with it.

A careful analysis of the scientific passion for truth will yield results which will probably be a surprise to many. The personal interest in reality as it exists in the universe—the craving to be brought into close personal contact with it, which is the essence of the scientific spirit, represents a belief, though a belief afraid or unable to give itself logical utterance, in some universal principle which is in some sense responsive to man, and is thus far identical with what we here mean by God. That such is the case is admitted even by Nietzsche, who, in his opposition to theistic religion and piety, is of all recent thinkers the most extreme and uncompromising. "Everywhere," he says, "where the spirit of the age works seriously, it works without an ideal (for which abstinence from an ideal the popular name is atheism) except that it wills the truth. But this will, this ghost of the ideal, is, if you will only believe me, the ascetic ideal of the Christian religion itself, under a yet severer, a yet more unearthly, guise, denuded yet more com-

pletely of all external wrappings; or, rather, it is not so much the ghost of this ideal as its solid core or kernel. Modern atheism, in short, of the most absolute and consistent kind, is merely the catastrophic climax of the Christian cult of truth, finally denying itself the comfort of a lying faith in God." We need only put conversely the result which Nietzsche reaches, and we may say with greater justice that the scientific cult of truth is not the denial of theism, but a theism which can only just refrain from expressing itself.

The detection of the influence of a belief in God, or the fact that such a belief is implied, in our ideas and canons of the beautiful, will probably seem to most people an easier task than the detection of it in the desire for truth. For this reason I will here not deal with it separately (though it is a subject which will well repay minute and prolonged analysis), but will content myself with referring to it in connection with our ideas of the Good.

In all cities of civilized men, from the west to the remotest east, from the Thebes of antiquity to the Rome of the modern world, council-chambers, arsenal fortifications and workshops have been dwarfed individually by temples. The other buildings subserved ends which were merely means to some farther end. The temples subserved an end which was supposed to be an end in itself—to which all the others were referable, or on which they somehow depended. What the temple is to the workshop or modern factory, the idea of goodness for its own sake is to the social goodness which means merely serviceable conduct. And amongst the things that are good for their own sake, some have always been regarded as higher and better than others, not because they are at the moment more acutely pleasurable, but for some other reason which we need not for the moment deal with.

This fact the apologist will be able easily to establish by a series of illustrations from life as we know it ourselves, and from all records of it in the literature of all ages—especially from all works of advanced literary art; and then when all this has been made sufficiently plain, let him consider these good things as a whole in the light of a single principle which science, having learnt it from the introspective philosophies, has illustrated and verified for itself, and invested with a new authority.

This is the principle that all knowledge is relative, in the sense that external things have none of the qualities by which we know them, except as the causes of the effects produced by them in our own consciousness. Thus a colored lamp would not be colored were there no eyes to see it; and no particular color would be the color it is, if the eyes of those who see it were not eyes of a special kind. A red light, for instance, is a red light for most men, because their optical organs are such that it produces in them a feeling of redness. For certain exceptional men the same light is green, because their optical organs vary slightly from the normal type. And the same observation applies not merely to tastes, scents and sounds, but also to more complex qualities, such, for instance, as sexual attractiveness. Different kinds of food, perfumes, music, face, figure and complexion, are pleasing to different individuals, and especially to different races. What to one race is nice or attractive, to another race is repulsive or nasty. And with what we call goodness the case is just the same. It comes into being just as greenness and redness, niceness and nastiness do, with the consciousness of those who recognize it.

Now, if human consciousness is the only consciousness that exists, goodness is merely a name which men

agree to give to certain states of consciousness recognized as pre-eminently satisfying: and hence, since different individuals, different races, and the same races at different stages of their development, find this pre-eminently satisfaction in different states of consciousness—since some find it in the animal joy of living, others in the pride of conquest and the virtue that is synonymous with valor, others in a completeness of mental and bodily culture, others in the austere rapture that rewards the discipline of the ascetic—there are as many different kinds of goodness as there are kinds of civilization and races; and one kind of goodness is just as good as the others, for there is no common standard by reference to which they are comparable. Landor, who “warmed both hands before the fire of life,” Goethe, Simeon Stylites, the Pharisees, the Christian martyrs, the soldier of Islam dying happy in anticipation of the Houris of Paradise, the Cyrenaics, the Stoics, the Epicureans, the husbandmen of pagan Italy whose lot Virgil envied, would *sua si bona norint*, be all and equally *fortunati nimium*. Each would have realized what was the highest goodness for himself, and what was goodness for the others would for him not have been goodness at all.

Here, however, as the apologist will point out, we are brought face to face with a farther fact which is this. Though every kind of goodness which men have pursued as such, is, if human consciousness be the only consciousness in question, good only, and good equally, to those who so regard it, it has never been recognized as possessing this relative character by any of the persons who, under any one of its forms, have pursued it themselves, or urged its pursuit on others. They have always held it to be something that is not relative but absolute—that is above and independent of the vagaries of in-

dividual taste. An example of this is the eminent degree of goodness ascribed to the state of virginity by the mediæval church. The mediæval church, and the world which received its teaching, certainly never meant that virginity was a good thing because the abstentions involved in it were naturally delightful to everybody, but that it was somehow a good thing in some absolute and objective way, let the personal feelings of individuals be whatever they might be. So, too, the Roman idea that it was good to die for one's country did not mean that to do so was the height of self-indulgence for everybody; but that those who found it to be good were in contact with some enduring verity which raised them above those who did not, even in the opinion of these last themselves. By means of this kind of analysis the apologist will be able to show that this conception of goodness as an absolute thing, various as have been the conceptions formed of its character otherwise, lies at the root of all those feelings, judgments and energies, which have produced, sustained and constituted the mental civilizations of the world.

And now will come the question of how this conception is justified, of how goodness, which obviously means nothing except as related to some conscious and judging mind, can be seriously and intelligibly represented as not relative but absolute. And when the question has thus been prepared, the final answer is easy. The absoluteness of goodness can be explained or intelligibly stated on one supposition only—the supposition that there exists a supreme divine Mind, the mind of a conscious God such as that which theism postulates. For if such a thing as absolute goodness exists, it must resemble every other kind of goodness thus far, that it can be only goodness at all by being related to a mind of some sort; and if its goodness is to be absolute in any

intelligible sense, it can only be so because it is good to some mind that is absolute, all-comprehending, self-existent, eternal.

This, however, it must be observed, is a very different thing from saying that the mere existence of man's personal consciousness proves the existence of a God with a consciousness analogous to our own. We cannot arrive at theism by any short cut like this. The mere fact of man's consciousness does prove, as I have urged elsewhere, that the elements of that consciousness must exist in the larger source from which it emerges; but there is nothing in the mere fact of our own consciousness, as such, to show that its elements, as combined otherwise and elsewhere, have any relation to consciousness as we ourselves experience it, any more than there is anything in the color of an aniline dye which would suggest to an ordinary person the nature of coal-tar. But when once we begin to assert that

goodness, as we ourselves apprehend it, is objectively and independently good whether it pleases ourselves or no, then we necessarily begin to assert also that the source or sum of things out of which our consciousness has emerged has, in this respect at all events, a consciousness which is like our own.

Here we get to the creed of moral theism at last; and the inference which the apologist will now be able to draw is obvious—namely, that, since a belief in goodness as something objective and absolute lies at the root of all man's mental civilizations, and since this belief implies, and is an indirect expression of, the farther belief in a God who is, in some sense, moral, any conscious denial on our part that such a Being exists, or any form of agnosticism that reduces Him to a negligible quantity, is a denial of the value hitherto attached to everything in the acquisition of which, or in the effort to acquire which, mental civilization has been held hitherto to consist.

VII.

THE GENERAL EFFECTS ON LIFE OF A BELIEF IN HUMAN IMMORTALITY.

And now what remains to be considered will be the theist's belief in immortality. The work of the apologist in tracing the effects of this will be easy; and on the present occasion a short reference to it will suffice. Two of its effects, indeed, have been always obvious to everybody. One is that, in view of the injustices of our present life, a belief in another life renders, and alone renders, possible a belief that God, if there be a God, will be found just in the long run. A second is, that those who love deeply are saved by it from the withering conviction that death means eternal parting, and that God or the universe turns all love into nothingness. A third is that, in view of the incompleteness of our own best efforts, it offers us a prospect of completing our own

self-development, or at all events of continuing to exist, which it is presumed that we should prefer to annihilation. These effects are, each of them in its own way, important; but there is another more important still, which goes beyond and at the same time includes them; and the apologist will find it necessary to give special attention to this. This effect of the belief is to invest our present life with a profound significance and importance of which the progress of modern knowledge is constantly tending to deprive it. It provides us, as it were, with a sort of spiritual magnifying-glass, which enlarges what otherwise would be daily growing more minute. If the individual is merely—as according to science he must be—a vanishing bubble on the surface of the sea of being, it is

impossible for him to regard his choice between good and evil as possessing more than a vanishing importance for himself. The individual man and the whole human race also are no more than the sparrow, which flutters out of the darkness into the king's hall through one window, and flutters a moment later into the same darkness through another. Nor would the situation in this respect be mended by a belief in a God who, perfect and eternal Himself, took notice, while they lived, of His imperfect and mortal creatures. For since nothing is good or bad except as related to some conscious mind (be this divine or human), even God, however eternal, could not exist for man any longer than man continued to exist for himself. So far as man is concerned, God's eternity would cease with the death of man, as the reflection of the stars in a mirror ceases when the mirror is broken. The belief in immortality has, therefore, an effect on the quality of life far beyond that of securing for us the personal satisfaction which most, but not all, people feel in the prospect of prolonged existence. Many feel that, so far as they themselves are concerned, the happiest prospect would be one of eternal rest; but whatever might be their feelings with regard to their own private futures, they could not continue to take human affairs seriously, if they believed that for all men—for the human race as a whole—the only future in store was that of a vanished shadow. By means, therefore, of an analysis, such as that which has just been indicated, the apologist will be able to show that the belief in immortality is

logically an integral part of that theistic religion, whose two other postulates—those of God and human freedom—he will already have exhibited as essential to the mental civilization of mankind.

But the work of analysis required of him will not be ended yet. He will have presented religion, to those even who are most contemptuous in rejecting it, under an aspect which cannot fail to command the attention of everybody—this is to say, as a theory, a working belief in which has been the most powerful influence in the progress of the human race. It may, however, be answered that though this may be true as to the past, it does not follow that it will remain true in the future. The old geocentric astronomy provided in former days a basis for abundant conclusions that were practically true and useful. Modern astronomy has completely discredited the old; but the practical conclusions reached by it, in so far as they were true, remain—modern astronomy providing them with a much more secure basis. And science, it may be answered, will in the same way replace the beliefs of religion by others even more effectual. Such, indeed, as we know, is the boast of the naturalistic school to-day. The apologist, then, having established the practical efficacy of his own beliefs, must, before his conclusion can have its proper weight, examine the proposed substitutes for them, so as to show what they are really worth; and if he has been successful in his previous analysis, it may safely be said that he will be still more successful here.

VIII.

THE ABSURD INADEQUACY OF THE SUBSTITUTES FOR RELIGIOUS BELIEF OFFERED BY NON-THEISTIC SCIENCE.

If we put aside the gravity of the various questions involved, and consider the analysis of the substitutes of-

fered by science for religion as a mere intellectual exercise, it is difficult to imagine any that could give more

amusing opportunities for the triumph of common sense over an ignorance of human nature which masquerades as a knowledge of the universe, human nature included.

Let the apologist take the proposed substitutes in question, as given to us by thinkers such as Haeckel and Herbert Spencer; and without attempting to question the truth of their strictly scientific conclusions, let him merely examine their attempts to construct out of their own materials a practical doctrine of life which shall guide, restrain, inspire and satisfy civilized man. He will be able to show that these thinkers, whatever their greatness in other respects, are, when they come to deal with practical life generally, dealing with a subject their knowledge of which is less than an ordinary school-boy's.

Let him take for example the gospel of Haeckel, as he himself preaches it. What Haeckel calls "the new structure of ethical monism," which is, he says, to be the substitute for theistic religion, and of which, he adds, Herbert Spencer has been the most illustrious exponent, "rests on the solid ground of social instinct"; and this, which is the same in man and all other social animals, sums itself up in the maxim, "Do as you would be done by." Science, therefore, gives us, he says, all that is valuable in Christianity, but supplies it with a basis of fact instead of a basis of superstition. Now a very large part of the Christian moral code can, no doubt, be shown, by sociological science, to consist of precepts whose justification is their social utility, and which, as theoretical propositions, do not require any other. But there are two practical points of fundamental importance, one of which thinkers like Haeckel fail to recognize altogether, while their grasp of the other is altogether inadequate.

What they fail to recognize is that,

with regard to human beings, beyond the question of determining what they ought to do, lies the eternal question of how they are to be induced to do it. These thinkers, for the most part persons of secluded habits and often—as was notably the case with Herbert Spencer and J. S. Mill—deficient in the passions which are at once the strength and weakness of mankind generally, have formed no adequate estimate of what the passions are, such as love, ambition, vanity, the desire to excel and rule; nor have they realized that to keep these within the narrow limits of morality is like driving a wild horse along a difficult and narrow track, at every turn of which he is tempted to jib or swerve. All that these thinkers can do is to mark the track on a chart. They have neither reins nor bit by which the animal may be controlled or guided.

In the next place, even their chart is of a very rudimentary kind. They admit themselves that their great fundamental maxim, "Do to others as you would that others should do to you," is not, taken as it stands, a complete code of morality. Thus, Herbert Spencer has insisted with the utmost emphasis that the manner in which we wish to be treated by others can be no complete guide to the manner in which we should treat them, unless we are first provided with a complete conception of what the treatment which we wish ourselves to receive from others is; and he recognizes that this conception of what others ought to do for us depends on a prior conception of what we ought to do for ourselves; for what we think that we ought to do for ourselves will be very different, if we believe that we are temples of the Holy Ghost, from what it will be if we think that we are merely improved guinea-pigs.

Haeckel admits this as clearly as Herbert Spencer does. "In the case

of civilized men," he says, "all ethics, theoretical and practical, is connected with their view of the world at large." In other words, though the primary elements of morality depend on the relations existing between one man and another, the upward course of morality depends on the conceptions formed by us of true relations existing between each man and the universe. But Haeckel, Spencer and the whole school of scientific moralists, though they make this admission, are wholly incapable of using it. For them, the universe, considered in its totality, or as God, is, as they say themselves, an unknown and unknowable quantity. No doubt when we are in certain moods, the thought of this stupendous mystery is calculated to excite in us a quasi-religious emotion. It is, however, an emotion with no definite content, and is just as well calculated to paralyze and crush as to elevate us. On scientific grounds our most passionate appeal to the universe is like trying to make a dumb animal speak. Or rather, it is far more useless; for, although the universe can give us no answer at all, we can, according to Haeckel, be certain at least of one thing—that its answer, could it find a voice, would be of no interest or help to us. The only answer that would be of interest or help in any way, would be an answer that told us that Nature, or the Sum of things, in some way or other loved and sympathized with man; but the first lesson, says Haeckel, which a scientific philosopher teaches us is that the love of Nature for man is an "anthropomorphic illusion."

Such being the case, then, how do men like Haeckel and Spencer endeavor to give any practical meaning to the assertion that "in the case of civilized men all ethics is connected with their view of the world at large," or, in other words, of their relation to this dumb and unresponding universe?

Let the religious apologist turn to such answers as they have given. If he wishes to submit his enemies to ridicule as well as to refutation, he will find that they have here placed themselves helplessly and ignominiously at his mercy. He need not, however, rely on this method of argument only. Another is open to him, more humane and, perhaps, even more effective. In spite of the confidence with which the modern exponents of naturalism have claimed that a scientific philosophy is sufficient for the needs of man, confessions may be found in the writings of some of the most eminent of them that experience proves this to be not really the case. Let the apologist examine these confessions with respect, but without pity. He will find that they possess a significance which it is hardly possible to exaggerate. One of the most suggestive of them is that of Darwin, who records that "his power of enjoying music diminished gradually as he acquired more and more the faculty of exact research and analytical study." And Herbert Spencer has, in his recent autobiography, formulated the same conclusion as the result of his own experiences. The higher pleasures of life, he admits in almost so many words, disappear in proportion as we are conscious of their scientific analysis. This fact, which has been thus so strikingly attested, the apologist must insist on, develop and invest with its full meaning; for from this fact it follows that unless civilized men generally are willing to see all their higher pleasures extinguished, in order that life may be completely explicable by science, they will have to commit themselves to the inference that, however self-consistent within its own limits the scientific explanation of the universe and man may be, some element exists among the phenomena which science deals with, which science itself is unable to isolate or detect.

But Spencer's Autobiography may be commended to the attention of the apologist on account of an admission even more direct and remarkable than that to which I have just alluded. It occurs at the close of the work, and forms a singular comment on it. The writer there admits that, as his life was drawing to its close, he began to feel a kindness, wanting to him in his earlier years, towards those theistic religions on which the work of his life had been practically one long attack. And the reason of this change of feeling was, he says, that he became conscious of "a need" which his own philosophy failed to satisfy, and at the satisfaction of which the theistic religions aimed. This admission is striking enough as it stands, but he gives it in another passage a yet more pointed meaning. Of all the saddening reflections which the approach of death suggests, the most saddening, according to him, was the reflection that at the back of the universe there may be no supreme consciousness at all, but merely a species of groping protoplasmic mind, which breaks into consciousness for moments in transitory units like ourselves. These are not his exact words, but they express his obvious meaning; and his meaning amounts to an indirect confession that man, as experience reveals him to us, requires for his nutriment a belief in the personality of that Supreme Power which science, as Spencer has declared more plainly than any other thinker, leaves, and always must leave, a featureless and unknowable mystery.

Such is the skeleton or programme of that kind of apologetic by means of which, in the face of all that science

can demonstrate, the claims of religious belief to the respectful consideration of the world can be most clearly and most incontrovertibly established. It is an apologetic which treats the religious and the scientific doctrine as if they were two kinds of food offered to man for his sustenance; and assuming that they are nourishing in proportion to the amount of truth contained in them, seeks to trace their effects on those who use them respectively as a diet. If it is found that when a man adopts the diet of science he shrinks and withers away as an individual man and as a citizen, that his energy declines, and that his powers of discrimination fail him, and then that, the moment he changes from the scientific diet to the religious, his energies revive, and his tastes and his faculties come back again, there will be strong grounds for supposing that the religious doctrine of life contains an element of truth in which the scientific doctrine is wanting.

When the presumption in favor of religion has been established on these grounds—the grounds that civilized life cannot get on without it—the apologist will still have the farther task before him of showing how the belief in religion which our practical life demands is to be reconciled with the demonstrations of science which our intellect is unable to impugn. How this is to be done, I shall discuss on some future occasion. I will only say here that it will certainly not be done by attempting to pick holes in the scheme of scientific evolution, or to subordinate the universe to man by means of a fantastic idealism.

W. H. Mallock.

JOURNALISM NEW AND OLD.

I have often thought that the three years which intervened between 1851 and 1854 mark the line of cleavage which separates the England of Queen Victoria's early reign from the England of the twentieth century. The year of the great Exhibition witnessed the glorification of industrial progress, of Free Trade, of the principles embodied in the rallying cry of the old Liberal Party—peace, retrenchment, and reform. I should say myself that the Crimean war marked the commencement of the Conservative reaction, which forms the dominant feature of the last half of the century just passed away. During the fifty years which have come and gone since the siege of Sebastopol, we have witnessed in science, in trade, in literature, in art, in war, a politics, and even in theology the dethronement of old ideals and beliefs, the introduction of new fetishes, having, perhaps, no sounder basis than their predecessors, but resting on discoveries unknown to the generation which crowded the Crystal Palace erected in Hyde Park to honor the advent of the coming commercial millennium, which never has come, and, to the best of my belief, never will come.

However, my object in writing this article is not to air my own views as to the Conservative reaction and its influence on the progress of humanity, but to point out the extraordinary development of British journalism within the last half century, and to show how discoveries in science, improvements in machinery, alterations of social life, and changes in the character and tastes of the newspaper reader have transformed the old journalism into the new. Throughout the course of a long life I, whether as leader writer, foreign correspondent, contributor, editor, and

proprietor, have always been more or less closely associated with journalism, and know probably better than most of my contemporaries its merits and demerits, its success and its failures, its strength and its weakness. The subject is far too wide a one to be adequately treated within the limits of a magazine article, but I hope to indicate a few of the changes and their causes which have, for bad or good, transformed the character of British journalism.

I suspect very few of our younger generation of newspaper writers and readers can realize the almost undisputed supremacy wielded by the *Times* in the world of journalism during the early 'fifties. The *Morning Chronicle*, the organ originally of the Whigs, and later on of the Peelite Party, had fought a gallant race with the *Times*, and at one moment had got slightly ahead of the leading journal in respect of its circulation, though it never rivalled the latter as an advertising medium. When the support of the Peelite Party was withdrawn from the *Chronicle*, or, more accurately speaking, when the Peelite Party broke to pieces, the most formidable competitor of the "leading journal" collapsed. If my memory serves me right, the only London dailies of any importance, barring the *Times*, were the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Herald* and the *Morning Advertiser*. All these papers were sold from threepence to fourpence, and of them all it may be said, as was said of Eclipse when he won the Derby: "The *Times* was first and the rest nowhere." It was about this period that on a friend of mine asking the then Editor, Delane, how it was that some news of importance had not appeared in the *Times*, though it

had been published in other papers, he was told in reply that the omission was not of the slightest consequence, as nobody believed any news till it was given in the *Times*. The answer was not so absurd as it would seem to-day. I have an impression that a paper called the *Day* appeared about this period, and attracted a certain amount of public attention by the ability of its leading articles. Its journalistic career was, however, of very brief duration, and, to the best of my belief, there was no permanent addition to the ranks of metropolitan daily journalism from the passing of the great Reform Bill up to the outbreak of the Crimean war. The advertisement duties were abolished in 1853. About the same time the paper duties were also thrown overboard. Both these imposts were described by the Liberals of the Cobdenian era as "taxes upon knowledge." Never was there a more absurd abuse of language. The taxes in question were levied not upon knowledge but upon the purveyors of knowledge. In those days we believed in mechanics' institutes, in penny cyclopædias, in the British workman who passed his evenings at home studying the tomes of Mill and Adam Smith and Grote. In accordance with the ideas of philosophic statesmanship, we swept away the advertisement duties, root and branch. If we had simply reduced these duties so as to throw open the advertising columns of our papers to small people with narrow means, and had made the charge commensurate with the length of the advertisement, we should not only have retained an important source of revenue, raised automatically without any perceptible loss to the payers of the tax, but we should have done much to benefit the interests of sound journalism. In the old days public opinion in England saw no reason why the trade of purveying information should not be taxed

like any other honest and lucrative trade. As long as the paper and advertisement duties remained in force, it was difficult, if not impossible, for men of straw, without capital, to start fresh newspapers. The removal of the taxes upon knowledge, however beneficial in other respects, has facilitated the mushroom growth of a large number of newspapers, chiefly devoted to finance, which look for profit to other considerations than those of legitimate journalism.

Whatever may be thought as to my views about the "taxes on knowledge," nobody can deny that the removal of these duties gave a great impetus to the newspaper trade in the early 'fifties. Amongst the many curious incidents of my life, not the least curious lies in the fact that I was one of the first writers on the journal which has done more than any other to convert the old journalism into the new. If my memory serves me correctly, I answered an advertisement asking for leader writers on a forthcoming daily newspaper, and received a reply requesting me to call at the office of the *Daily Telegraph* (I think at its outset it bore the name of the *Daily Telegraph and Courier*), then situated just about where the new Courts of Justice now stand. My experiences as a journalist were then extremely limited, my recommendations were meagre, but the applicants were few in number, and I was engaged then and there to write a leader for the same day, the subject of which I cannot recall, beyond that it was connected with the war in the Crimea. In order to avoid the possibility of giving offence to the relatives of persons, most of whom have long joined the majority, I shall not quote names whenever I can help doing so. For my present purpose it is enough to say that the then proprietor was a retired Colonial officer, who had led a very rolling life, and had cer-

tainly gathered up very little moss in the course of a chequered career. He informed me that his two fellow proprietors, brother officers in the Guards, well-known in the fashionable world of their day, were coming to the office in the evening, and added that he should like to introduce me to them. I came accordingly, and found the whole body of the proprietary assembled there to see the paper brought out. At that period of my life I had not seen many guardsmen. But I retain a conviction that in those days officers of the Foot Guards were, to use an Americanism, "bigger bugs" than I found them on later and fuller acquaintance. After waiting some time a proof sheet came down for their inspection. As soon as they had glanced at the heading one of the guardsmen made the brilliant suggestion that we had better all go out and have a drink, a suggestion adopted with enthusiasm. The story in the office was that the two Guardsmen had each subscribed a few hundred pounds towards the capital of the *Daily Telegraph*, and had backed a bill to a like amount. If so, a sum between £1,000 and £2,000 formed the capital on which, probably, the greatest financial success of any paper in the world was started on its career. I need hardly say, however, that the cash was soon exhausted, and that bills began to fall in like leaves in Vallombrosa. The Colonel, to do him justice, was at his best when surrounded with financial difficulties. His partners, however, had grown alarmed at the growing amount of liabilities for which they had made themselves more or less responsible. Thereupon the Colonel offered, if they would transfer their shares to him, to take all the liabilities upon himself, and stand the racket.

My original connection with the *Daily Telegraph* at this period only lasted for a few weeks. I was informed on my first introduction to the Editor that

in a very short time the paper would be in a position to pay fair prices for contributions, but that, under existing circumstances, ten shillings a column was all the paper could afford to pay, the above stipend, in consideration of its meagre amount, to be paid regularly at the end of each week. Finally the amount due me reached the colossal amount of eight pounds, and my repeated requests for payment having met with no response whatever, I brought a suit in the Westminster County Court, hard by St. Martin's Lane. The suit was undefended, and judgment was given in my favor, with an order for immediate execution, on the ground that the paper was not expected to live from day to day. It is a curious instance of the fallibility of all human expectations that I, who sued the *Daily Telegraph* for a sum under ten pounds, and won my case, should have been destined in later years to earn more money as a contributor to its columns than I ever received from all the other papers, reviews and periodicals in which I have been a frequent writer. Nearly ten years passed between the day when I was a plaintiff against its original proprietor and the day when I became a regular leader writer on the *Daily Telegraph*, which had then passed into completely different hands, and had come under an absolutely new management. What little I know of the inner history of the paper during the intervening years of stress and struggle comes to me chiefly by hearsay; and even if I felt more certain than I do of the absolute accuracy of my information, the time has not yet come to tell this history. This much I may fairly say: that the *Daily Telegraph* would have been dead and forgotten years and years ago if the paper had not completely changed hands, and passed under the control of a family who possessed the abilities to conduct a news-

paper, and who commanded the financial support required in those days to establish an important journalistic undertaking.

My brief preliminary connection with the *Telegraph* had, at any rate, this advantage: that it made me personally acquainted with a phase of journalism even then moribund. I mean that of the days of the Whittys, the St. Johns, the Mayhews, the Broughs, and a host of less well-known names, who represented so-called Bohemian journalism. They were not men of high education, judged by a University standard, but they had the journalistic faculty of being able to write rapidly and lucidly, and to furnish a readable article on any given subject at the shortest notice. They did not belong to West End clubs; they had no social ambition, or, if they had such ambition, it remained ungratified. Their chief purveyors of political information were the reporters in the House of Commons, and their chief resorts after they had sent in their copy were certain taverns or convivial clubs, which were, in those days, kept open to abnormal hours for the convenience of the Press. I wonder to how many of my readers will the names of the Reunion Club, of the Coal Hole, of the Albion, of Polly Goodwin's, of the Café de l'Europe, or even of Evans' recall any personal memories other than a vague recollection of having heard them mentioned by a well-nigh extinct generation of journalists. For me, individually, the Bohemian Press of London had no special attraction. "Shop" of all kinds always bored me; and of all "shop" the least interesting to me is the discussion of the merits or demerits of newspaper articles that are practically dead after they have appeared in print. I am not, therefore, an altogether fair judge of the Bohemian era of journalism, but I am bound to say it seems to me nowadays to have been of a

rather more original character than that of the era by which it was succeeded.

After having spent many years abroad, chiefly in Italy, and having become more or less well-known as a writer, I was, on my return from the then dis-United States in 1862, offered a permanent engagement as a leader writer on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*. The editor was then Thornton Hunt, a son of the better-known Leigh Hunt, but himself a man of high literary attainments, of very wide reading, and of refined taste. The real direction of the paper lay in the hands of the leading proprietor, Mr. J. M. Levy. This pre-eminence was due not so much to the fact that he represented the financial interest of the proprietary as to his extraordinary journalistic instinct. I doubt whether he had ever written much himself as a journalist; I am perfectly certain he never wrote himself when he could possibly avoid doing so. But, having written under many editors on many papers, I can truly say that I never met one whose judgment was so sound, whose appreciation was so keen as to what his readers would like to read. His heart was in his work. He would go through a proof time after time, till he had got it thoroughly to his liking, and when the article turned out as he wished he never hesitated to tell the writer how pleased he was with the result. No man, too, was more ready to listen to any opinion contrary to his own if he thought the holder of this opinion knew what he was talking about. His ambition was not only to make the *Telegraph* an extraordinary financial success, but to make it the most influential newspaper in the country. With this object in view, he had, at the period of my resuming my connection with the *Daily Telegraph*, gradually got rid of the light brigade of journalism, and had enlisted the ser-

VICES of men who, in his opinion, could treat serious subjects seriously, without being dull. The staff, when I joined, were certainly entitled, as a body, to the appellation of scholars and gentlemen. My colleagues were my dear old school friend, the late Sir Edwin Arnold, the winner of the Newdigate, and a professor after leaving Oxford at Poonah College; the Hon. Frank Lawley, who had been M.P. for Beverly and Parliamentary private secretary to Mr. Gladstone; Herbert Slack, who had taken high honors at Trinity College, Dublin; Jeff Prouse, a writer of singular grace and charm, who, if he had lived, might, I think, have equalled the reputation of Præd; and last, but not least, George Augustus Sala, the one man amongst us all who was not only gifted with ability but with genius. We used to assemble at the editorial offices about midday, and spend about an hour there discussing the subjects of the next day's articles. Everybody was encouraged to express his views, and Mr. Levy was in the habit, if there was any difference of opinion, of asking any contributor who had not made any comment to let them know what he thought himself on the matter in dispute. We were then, as a body, comparatively young and ardent, and there were many burning questions upon which we took different sides. But, somehow, our disputes never became envenomed, and the various views expressed furnished the writers, who were selected for the duty of dealing with any subject, with a knowledge of what there was to be said on either side of the topic under consideration.

It was the rule of the office to have at least three, generally four, leaders a day. One of these leaders was reserved to be written in the evening, so as to deal with the latest foreign or Parliamentary news. The other three

were given out before luncheon time, and were expected to be delivered at the office about seven o'clock. The alterations in the conditions of the newspaper trade have rendered this halcyon state of things an impossibility. But I do not hesitate to say the literary work of the paper benefited largely by the absence of hurry. Any journalist who knows what it is to write an article against time, when every ten minutes the printer's devils are coming down to ask for fresh copy, torn from the MS. you have just written, will appreciate the advantages of having plenty of time to think over your article, to look up books of reference, and to be able to read the MS. over carefully and make your own corrections before you send the article to the printers.

Every experienced journalist will admit that it takes longer to write a light and bright article than a solid—and shall I say stolid?—one of the same length. I attribute the great success of the *Telegraph* leaders at the period of which I write quite as much to the conditions under which they were written as to the talent of the writers. We were given a free hand, and we knew that if we produced something the public would like to read we should not be blamed even if we diverged to some extent from the instructions given us at the morning meetings. We had no great respect for constituted authorities, we cared very little for preconceived opinion, and we were not troubled with too strict reverence for absolute accuracy. We were, if I may venture to say so, the pioneers of the Press of to-day. I do not claim for ourselves any monopoly in the process by which journalism was made less ponderous, more attractive to the new class of readers who were daily coming to the front. A similar transformation was, as I am well aware, going on in other papers, and conducted with no

less ability. All I contend is that when Matthew Arnold described us as "young lions on the prowl for prey," the description, whether complimentary or otherwise, was not altogether undeserved. I have often thought that in his heart of hearts the leonine epithet was ascribed to us by its author not so much in admiration of our intrinsic merits as in *odium tertii*. With his singularly acute and subtle intellect, Arnold could not have failed to realize the exaggerated respect and almost reverence with which the utterances of the *Times* were regarded by the world in which he lived and moved. I fancy that by going out of his way to proclaim the advent of a younger generation of lions he wished to intimate that their predecessors were losing their teeth and were no longer able to use their claws with the old effect. Be this as it may, I cannot doubt that we did a good deal to make journalism popular with the public. Up to the period of which I write, that is, up to the 'sixties of the Victorian era, it was an unwritten law of journalism that every leading article should consist of three paragraphs, and that whatever the subject matter might be, it was not to be less than a column and a quarter, or to exceed a column and a half. Another of these by-laws was that on no pretence was the name of another paper to be mentioned in any comment on its news or views. A third was that the repetition of the same word in the same sentence was an offence against literary composition. To Sala more than to any other single writer on the Press belongs the credit of having freed journalism from these conventional bonds. To others amongst us should be assigned the credit of having introduced the system of descriptive articles on legal trials which attracted public attention, of commenting on the demeanor and aspect of the witnesses, and of pointing out day by

day the bearing of the evidence adduced upon the rights or wrongs of the case at issue. When the decision of the Court was not in accordance with our own opinion we appealed to the public, and not unfrequently with success. The practice may have been open to objections, but it had this advantage: that it established very friendly relations between the leading eminent counsel of the time and the journalists who wrote articles day after day on sensational cases.

It has often seemed to me astonishing how very slow the London Press were in availing themselves of the facilities provided by the discovery of telegraphic communication. In the years 1864 and 1866 respectively I acted as special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, in the first instance in the Austro-Prussian campaign against Denmark; in the second instance in the war between Austria and Prussia. On both these occasions, though my instructions were to spare no expense, I was told to use the telegraph as little as possible, as the public preferred graphic description by letter to curt messages by wire. This reluctance to employ rapidity of transmission, if obtained at the cost of the intelligence transmitted, prevailed to my own knowledge up to the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869. It was only the outbreak of the Franco-German war in 1870 which led to the practical substitution of telegrams for letters as the ordinary channels for the communication of important news. It was by my instrumentality that my old friend Archibald Forbes, now dead, obtained an engagement as war correspondent to the *Daily News*. He was by no means a very brilliant writer, but he had what was more important, great facility in writing off fairly readable matters rapidly, and—a still more noteworthy recommendation—that of being willing to stand any amount of fatigue

or spend any amount of money in order to get his telegrams off before anybody else. Thanks to Archibald Forbes, the *Daily News* gave the best, or, at any rate, the most rapid, war news during the whole of the war which ended with the entry of the German Army into Paris and the outbreak of the Commune. From that date it became obvious that the model war correspondent of the future must be the man who could get his news wired off the first, not the man who could put together the best reproduction of what he had seen and heard and learnt. It may occasionally happen that the faculties of the ready writer are possessed by the ready transmitter. But such combinations are rare, and good "express agents," to use an American term, are far more easily to be met with than men who, under any unfavorable conditions, can indite descriptions possessing literary merit. Thus, if my opinion is correct, the employment of the telegraph has proved fatal, and will prove still more fatal, to the literary merits of the foreign correspondence of our newspapers. Personally, I regret this change the less because the principle on which war correspondents were allowed to accompany armies on active service and to telegraph home comments and criticisms on what they had observed had always seemed to me utterly false and untenable. The object of any nation going to war and sacrificing its soldiers in battle is not to provide good reading for the public at home, but to carry out certain ends and aims which, with or without reason, it deems essential to its vital welfare. After the experience of the Russo-Japanese war, no man in his senses will contend that our armies should be accompanied into action by a swarm of newspaper correspondents, competing with one another who can get hold of the most sensational intelligence and who shall get it

known most rapidly to friend and foe alike. Indeed, it is a personal satisfaction to me to reflect that the first and greatest of newspaper correspondents, my dear old friend Sir William Russell, "the Billy of Balaclava" days, is likely in his green old age to be the last, as he was the first, of those whom, in the days of our youth, it was the fashion to call the "knights of the pen."

I have often thought to myself when I have been dining alone at the Garrick Club, and have tried to re-people the coffee-room with the faces of dead friends who were more or less intimately interested in journalism, what their feelings would be if, on a passing visit to this earth, they had asked, as they infallibly would have done, for copies of the newspapers which they had known so well both as readers and writers. If they had had due patience I think they would soon have come to the conclusion that in ability and information the papers bearing the old time-honored names were certainly not inferior to those in whose production they had participated in the bygone days of their terrestrial existence. Patience, however, was never—and is never likely to be—the distinguishing characteristic of men of letters, and my strong conviction is that before they had begun to study the contents bills they would have thrown down the papers in disgust at the manner in which the outer sheets were disfigured by star advertisements, pictures, eccentricities of typography, and all the ingenious tricks of the trade by which advertisers endeavor to attract the attention of newspaper readers to their own special wares and products. Up to the period when the half-penny Press became a power in the world of journalism, our leading papers, with scarcely an exception, stuck staunchly to the rule that all advertisements, long or short, should be printed in the same type, and placed as nearly as

possible upon a footing of equality. To my thinking, the steady sequence of column after column, each the counterpart of one another, and covering page after page, conveyed a sense of power and opulence which no number of pages filled with pictures, illustrations, diagrams, or triumphs of advertising ingenuity and art can ever convey. I remember years ago, when the American system of star advertisements had just been introduced into this country, the proprietor of a very popular advertising medium showed me an order he had received and declined for a series of columns at £100 an insertion. I knew the average price in those days yielded by a column made up of short, "unstarred" advertisements to be about £20, and expressed my surprise at his refusal. The answer struck me, "These sort of star advertisements only come once in a blue moon, but the twopenny-halfpenny advertisements come in their hundreds day after day, year in, year out, and if once the small advertiser finds that his advertisement fails to attract attention when overshadowed by the contiguity of a monster placard, he will take his advertisements elsewhere." The answer was absolutely sound, but I doubted the possibility of editorial virtue permanently resisting this new sort of temptation, and the result has more than justified my scepticism. One must make allowance for human frailty.

Before, however, I attempt to express any opinion as to the rise or decline in the influence of the Press due to a variety of changes which I have already indicated, I think it may be useful to call attention to certain causes which have largely modified the conditions under which journalism is conducted in the United Kingdom. Up to about thirty years ago the metropolitan Press was gaining ground at the cost of the provincial Press. In any place where newspapers are

largely read it is an almost invariable rule that the papers read must be in the hands of their ordinary readers by breakfast time. As at the date of which I speak, that of the Franco-German war, railway communication was being largely extended and improved along the lines coming within what might be called the metropolitan circuit, it followed logically that the London papers were gradually ousting their provincial competitors from the position the latter had hitherto enjoyed in their own localities. Even to-day I am confident that north and south, east or west of the metropolis you will not find a single town in which a first-class daily local newspaper is to be found, provided that the London papers are obtainable there by breakfast time. About 1868 my friend Anthony Trollope brought out a monthly review called the *St. Paul's Magazine*, of which he asked me to act as editor during his absence at the antipodes on Post Office business. I remember writing in this, of course, long defunct review an article on the Press in which I proved to my own satisfaction that in the course of a very few years there would not be a daily newspaper published within a hundred and fifty miles of the metropolis in any direction which was not in fact, if not in name, compiled, written, printed and published in London. The great interest attaching to the invasion of France by Germany and the extent to which the services of the telegraph was consequently employed by the wealthy London Press, largely increased the demand for London papers at this season, and I should doubt there ever having been anything approaching to the same number of London papers circulated throughout the provinces as there were at this period. Thus my anticipations were justified by the immediate event, and would have been permanently justified, but for one contingency. I

had overlooked the contingency that the employment of telegraphy by newspapers might cut both ways. If it enabled the London papers for a time to starve out the local journals, it proved even a more potent agency for enabling the provincial Press to obtain exactly the same news as their London contemporaries, and to sell their papers earlier and more cheaply than if they had to be sent down from London. The result of this altered state of things is that the metropolitan Press may fairly be said to have lost their former circulation outside the home circle. The further your distance from London the more difficult it is nowadays to obtain any London paper. I can truly say that if for my sins I had to live in the country, and if, owing to my occupations, I could not spend more than an hour a day reading the morning's papers, I should never dream of indulging in the doubtful luxury of purchasing a London daily in the late morning or early afternoon with the view of making good any deficiency in the local paper to which I had already had access. There are at least a score of provincial papers published in all parts of the United Kingdom which give you as good foreign news, as good Parliamentary reports, as excellent political information and as well-written articles as the heart of man, even of that most voracious form of manhood—the promiscuous newspaper reader—could possibly desire. By a certain law equivalent to the survival of the fittest, I fancy the ablest individual journalists somehow drift up to London. But I also think, in virtue of a similar law, the all-round staff of some of the great provincial newspapers are superior to what you would find in any metropolitan paper, however high its reputation. This much I can state without fear of contradiction: that such papers as the *Scotsman*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Yorkshire Post*,

the *Western Morning News*, not to mention many others, are achievements of journalism of which any country in the world may be justly proud. One may disagree with their political views, but one cannot fairly dispute the vigor and the honesty with which these views are defended.

Meanwhile I have been straying somewhat from my main purpose in these cursory comments on the development of British journalism, which is to show how far it has been affected by the altered conditions under which the trade has had to be carried on. It is a curious, though, I think, an undesigned coincidence that the various improvements in machinery, the endless sheet, the system of machining, not from the original type, but from stereotyped moulds, and the substitution of mechanical for manual agency in putting the letters into words and the words into sentences have accidentally synchronized with an extraordinary increase in the demand for cheap literature, and with the rapid augmentation of the newspaper-reading public. Compulsory education, as established by the late Mr. W. E. Forster's Bill, in the year of Sedan, may or may not have been a good thing for the public at large. As to that there is a good deal to be said on both sides. This much, however, cannot be gainsaid, that Forster did establish a working system under which the vast majority of Board School children have learnt to read intelligently and to write legibly. The late Bob Lowe's bitter sneer at the time of the household suffrage, about "our first duty nowadays being to educate our future masters," has been more fully and more rapidly justified than even he anticipated. It may be open to question whether the education we have given by the instrumentality of School Boards is really education worthy of the name, but it is not open to question that since

the introduction of household suffrage the working classes are, electorally speaking, our masters. There are very few constituencies in Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and not many in England where the classes who earn their living by working at the plough, the factory, or the mill do not constitute a clear majority of the whole electorate. It is mere trifling to say that the operative classes, in common with those who stand higher in the social scale, are so separated by trade and sectional jealousies, by religious divisions and controversies as to temperance and sport that they are never likely to rise in their strength and sweep all before them. As a matter of fact, we are all perfectly well aware that if the new electorate, rightly or wrongly, desire Protection for British industry, or favor a collectivist policy, they can, and will, carry the day at the polling booths. I fully agree with those who hold that the marked individuality of the British race and the absence of any strong sentiment of solidarity between our classes, whether rich or poor, tend to diminish the dangers of a freedom under which one class, and that the lowest, the poorest, and the most ignorant, has the virtual control of the voting power in the vast majority of our constituencies. The penny papers still represent the small trading classes, the shop keepers, the clerks, as distinguished from the working men proper. But I cannot doubt that the elector who earns his day's board and lodging for himself and his family by the labor of his own hands, is represented by the halfpenny Press, by such papers as the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Express* and the *Morning Leader*. To me, as to every thinking man, it cannot but be gratifying to find that the class of newspapers which the new electorate select as their organs does not differ materially from that of its predecessors. It is only just to say

that these papers which count, or, at any rate, profess to count, their readers by millions, are uniformly loyal towards the constituted authorities of the realm. They may have collectivist proclivities, but so far they have manifested no desire for carrying socialism into practice; they are very keenly interested in foreign politics, and are perhaps more ready to "think Imperially" than the rural and small town electorates. It is all very well to decry the love of sport, but the papers which represent the "horny-handed sons of toil" derive a very large portion of their profits from the cricket and football editions, which appeal to the masses who are ready to pay for sporting intelligence. So long as the new electorate desire a sound, wholesome article for the gratification of their journalistic appetites there can be nothing rotten in the state of our Press. Moreover, it is pleasing to me to notice that scientific discourses, reports of new inventions, and descriptions of novel manufacturing processes find ready access into the columns of the halfpenny Press. It takes all sorts and conditions of men to make a world, and I note with pleasure that amidst the new electorate there must be here and there a survivor of the working man of my boyhood, who used to devote his evenings to the study of science and metaphysics.

Not long ago I was propounding my own views as to the superiority of the old leader system to the modern paragraph system to one of the new editors, "all of the modern time." He interrupted me by saying "I have no doubt you are right in theory, but you are wrong in practice. The newspaper-reading public of to-day want to be amused, not instructed. They do not wish to use their minds more than they can help. They like to have their mental food given them in minces and snippets, not in chops or joints. They

prefer smart headed paragraphs to able leading articles. Whether they are right or wrong in their tastes I intend to cater for them to the best of my ability; and, after all, my dear old friend, you must admit you are getting an old fogey." To this argument there never has been and never will be a satisfactory answer. The worst of it all is that the statement is true.

There is, however, one aspect of the modern Press against which I must register my indiscriminating disapproval. I allude to the growing custom of trying to increase the circulation of latter-day journalism by artificial bonuses. From remote days it has been one of the tricks of trade to offer the purchaser of a pound of candles a pair of crockery candlesticks, thrown in free gratis for nothing. When a wholesale tobacconist informs me that with every order, worth half-a-crown in value, I shall be entitled to buy two packets of the best playing cards at one-third of their nominal price, and with the name and address of the vendor firm imprinted on the covers, I cannot but reflect what an extravagant price I must be charged for his Dollar Mixture, when I find that it pays the tobacconist to let me have for eightpence a packet of cards whose wholesale price must be at least a shilling. Still, I can see no moral objection to this sort of transaction. Considering, however, the high attributes I hear consistently ascribed to journalism, remembering how often I have been told that the main object of cheap journalism is to elevate the moral tone of the masses and to promote the spread of sound political views, I find it difficult to reconcile the employment of these trade dodges with any true appreciation of journalism as a profession. I am the more fortified in my scepticism when I find this trans-Atlantic system of promoting trade by offering

bonuses to purchasers adopted by our great leading journal, the paper whom the men of my generation, whatever our views may have been as to its politics, were one and all accustomed to respect and honor as the highest representative of journalistic dignity and journalistic integrity. I would far sooner have passed over this subject, but knowing as I do, from my own observation, how far the *moral* of the British Press has been long kept up by a rigid observance on the part of the *Times* of a high code of journalistic honor, private as well as public, I cannot avoid in any survey of the vicissitudes of journalism during my lifetime calling attention to a novel and strange development of the journalist trade sanctioned by the paper which has been so long regarded as the champion of journalistic respectability.

From these reminiscences of mine and the lessons I should draw from them, I have come to the following conclusions. First, that we shall never see again a new daily paper started at any price above one penny. Secondly, that the proportion of halfpenny to penny dailies will continue to increase. Thirdly, that all our daily papers, whatever their price may be, will tend to conform more to the system inaugurated by the cheap Press, that of catering for the masses instead of the classes; for the public which prefers "leaderettes"—an odious word—to leaders, and which likes its news given in short paragraphs made easy of comprehension by being arranged so that he who runs may read, through well-devised headings. I hold this change in the Press of England to be due to natural causes. Even if to me, personally, the change is distasteful, I see no reason to feel certain that under our altered political and social conditions the change may not be one for the better.

Edward Dicey.

HOW THE PRINCE WAS SAVED.

ANTWERP: 1582-1585.

I was alone in the great chamber of our dear lord, the Prince of Orange, when that befel which changed all my life, and might well have changed the fortune of the Netherlands. It was close on midnight, but the bells and clocks near at hand had been silenced, lest they should break on the Prince's rest, so that I could but guess at the hour. And always through the stillness was a faint stir from beneath the windows where the people watched with him who had so long watched over them. For the Prince lay betwixt life and death, as he had lain since he was struck down by an assassin in the pay of Spain.

I kneeled on the cushion by his couch, and sometimes I thought of my most dear master, and sometimes of Juana de Witt, for which may God and the Netherlands forgive me. As I lay there, it began to seem very strange to me that I was left so long alone, and that the physicians returned not, neither sent the companion who was to relieve me. I knew not till many hours after that my fellow-watcher was held captive in a disused room in the palace, whither he had been decoyed by a pretended message from Madame the Princess, and that I was alone to bear the destinies of the land. Yet though I listened for the coming footfall, nor doubted one would speedily sound without the door, I was oppressed with a great misgiving. I had the fingers of one hand pressed very lightly on the wound in the Prince's throat, for so only could the flow of blood be checked, and so it had been checked for many hours; while that a bandage did but choke and strangle. Messer Botalli had warned us that the slipping of a finger might mean death, so grievous

was the wound. And so I, Lamoral Olden, with my single hand, was holding the Prince of Parma back, and Phillip of Spain and his galleys, and the Holy Inquisition, and all its racks and fires. And great terror was upon me.

Dear heaven, how the minutes crept! And of all which were wont to throng the sick chamber, none came to take my place when my arm should grow numb. The silent hour-glass on the table near by had sifted down all its sands, and I could not reach and turn it. There was no time any more, only a great stillness and waiting. The March wind gave a great sigh, and fluttered the tapestry; it was a gift from Leyden, and set forth the deeds of patriots of antiquity. All the Roman heroes, Regulus and Curtius and Coriolanus, seemed to come forth alive in the firelight; they nodded their heads in their great helmets—such helmets almost I had seen on Alva's soldiery—and their eyes were on the Prince. 'Twas as though they claimed him who was yet alive. Surely he was alive; but so still he lay, and so wan and sunken was his face, that I bent my cheek to his lips to catch the flutter of breath. Ay, he lived, and would live while that my hand was steady to check the blood—and I was weary to the death; my arm ached as though I had upborne a standard all day in the fight, and the heroes on the tapestry changed before my eyes. Suddenly it seemed to me that I knelt beside a dyke, and held my hand against a leak therein. And all the waters of the devouring ocean pressed upon me, and beyond rode the galleons of Phillip. In a moment I was broad awake once more; but in the waking

my hand shifted a hair's breadth, and there was a drop of blood on the linen at the throat of William of Orange.

Thereafter, I could no more have slept than had the fires of the Inquisition been about me. I watched the firelight glint on the Prince's Golden Fleece, which lay among his papers on the cabinet, and I prayed for his life and our succor, and then I cursed Spain, which helped me more. And then, for solace in my weariness, I thought on Juana de Witt.

With the dream of her came life into the still chamber. So fair she was, so full of fearless brightness. She would know all I hoped and feared, as I watched at the bedside of my master, for was she not one of the ladies of Madame the Princess, and vowed, as were all of the household, to a great love and faithfulness to the Prince our lord? I had marked her as men spoke of his deeds in defence of freedom, his long and wary baffling of Philip and his butchers, and I had seen her tremble and glow, and her eyes gleam like blue steel in firelight. Never any maiden of all our fair-haired people had a fairness like that of Juana, I was wont to think; for her hair was a living flame, and there was fire beneath her white skin, and her eyes were of a blue that burned. Hers was the beauty prized in Castile as coming of the ancient Gothic blood, the proudest in Spain, so vowed Alençon himself once in her hearing; whereat she turned in anger on him, great prince though he was, asking if it were fault of hers that she had a Spanish grand-dame.

The thought of my dear lady companioned my vigil, till almost I forgot the cramping pain which gripped me, and the dread which had laid a harsher grip on my spirit. Dreaming of her, all things seemed possible; for surely she had looked gently on me at times, though at others she had drawn from me with a strange, proud distance.

And so I sought help of my visions till weariness gained on me once again. I was fighting sleep and shadows, and I would more gladly have fronted Parma's veterans. I clenched my free hand on my dagger till the blood started, and yet mere heaviness gained on me. From the great bed-canopy a darkness dropped upon me, and the floor rocked beneath me, and seemed to sink away, leaving me suspended in nothingness. Naught was real save the pain and weight on my arm, and the white outline of the Prince's face, rigid on his pillows as a mask of death.

And then—and then—were it God's mercy or the devil's mockery—the door swung back with never a sound, and there on the threshold, finger on lip, stood Juana de Witt.

I stared upon her out of my daze of dreams, not knowing whether she stood there in the flesh or in my own mad fantasy. But she came nearer, and I could see it was her very self. Round her face and throat was twisted a veil of black lace, but beneath it I saw the scarlet and gold of her brocaded robe, and on her breast a golden cross. Pranked out as for a gala day, she shone at the Prince's bedside in the hush of the sleeping house. Her face was white as a carving of stone, and all the life of her burned in her eyes. As she drew nearer, and yet nearer, it was to my weary brain as though she came like the figure and symbol of a cause, as a fair dame had stood for the Provinces when they welcomed Don John into Brussels; only this was no mock pageant, but very truth—had our faith and country come to aid? And then she touched my shoulder, and was her dear living self, my lady whom I loved. Deep into my eyes she looked, reading my weariness, and softly she slipped my numb hand aside, till her cool white fingers rested on the Prince's wound; while he, in his swoon-like

sleep, never stirred nor moaned. I would have withstood her, for the post was mine; but her eyes filled with a passion of entreaty, and I thought I read their meaning. "This a woman may do," she seemed to plead; "this, at least, of service for him who serves and saves us." Her touch was steady as steel, and not a drop of blood had started—seeing which thing I yielded, and bent to kiss the hem of her lace. With the movement strength went from me utterly, and I dropped beside the couch, my head on the cushions at my lady's knee.

Joy and thankfulness were in me, but my weariness dulled them into a great peace, and I drifted on to sleep with Juana kneeling above me, watching over my master's life. Yet even as I gave myself over to rest she glanced down upon me, and so strange was the look, as I caught it through half-closed lids, that it smote me back to wakefulness. For there was terror in it, terror and something more which I would not read. 'Twas in my thought to rise, to speak to her, but my body answered not to my will, and I lay watching the face above me, as a man faces death in a dream and cannot stir. 'Twas on the Prince her gaze was bent now, on Orange, our deliverer, and the passion in her face—was it of love and pity so keen, they stung like hate? Long she knelt so, her gaze never wavering; then she lifted her eyes, and her lips moved. She was praying, I knew—praying, surely, for his life who lay thus surrendered before her. As she prayed, her left hand was clenched hard at her throat, while still her right was steady on the Prince's wound. Then no less steadily I saw her lift that right hand from its work, and while the blood started and flowed, she made on brow and breast the sign of the cross.

The cross! With that I understood, and rising without a sound, I set my

right hand on the wound, and with my left put the woman back as I had put Spain's self away. My heart was dead within me, but there was no time to think of that till the flow of Orange's life-blood should be stayed.

And Juana, when she saw me rise from that seeming sleep, knelt stark for a moment on her scarlet and gold—ay, Spain's very colors—knelt like an image of vengeance. But when she had mastered her dread, she flung herself upon me, seeking to thrust me back from the couch, to snatch my hand away, to suffer the Prince's blood to flow unchecked. Soundlessly we wrestled, and it was well-nigh more than I could do with my one arm to hold her from me; ah, the sweet body I had loved! and it was thus I touched it. At length I had gripped her slender wrists, and so I held her fast, till she, bending till her golden hair brushed all about me, set her teeth into my hand. The pain stabbed me into strength; I hurled her from me, and she fell without a sound.

The Prince moaned, and opened his eyes in a look of question. There was a glimmer of scarlet and gold at the door, and I was alone at the Prince's bedside, a broken cross of gold in my hand.

They found me at my post when they came—the Prince's physician, white with fear, and the attendant who should have relieved me, and whose shouts had but just been heard from his imprisonment. But I know not, nor have ever known, how much of time lay betwixt their coming and the flight of Juana de Witt. Only I know that I left youth behind me in that vigil, held under the gaze of the heroes in the tapestry, and beside the hour-glass, which registered nothing of the hours.

When they sought for Juana, she was gone, and a soldier brought word,

days later, that she had been seen alone, and riding at speed for Parma's camp. It was a fitting sanctuary for her; within those lines more than one would-be murderer of Orange had sought safety. I think—God pardon me—that I would have kept silence concerning that night's work, seeing that she was gone, and could endeavor no more against us. But it was she that had lured my companion with a feigned message from the Princess, and then made him captive with a shot bolt; and when his witness was given, I was questioned sharply. So all was known at length. She had no right, 'twas said, to the good Dutch name she bore; she was a great lady of Spain who had crept in among us to do the work in which Spain's generals had failed. And they drove me mad with talk of her, and with praise of my readiness which had foiled the scheme. Only the Prince, when strength came back to him and he heard the tale—the Prince praised me not, nor ever thanked me in words, and I read in those deep eyes of his a pity which understood.

The time passed thereafter, and all men forgot Juana de Witt. Only I did not forget, and I needed not the angry scar on my hand to keep me in memory of her. Yet I looked thereon sometimes, when I was wearied with much working, and when my hate of Spain grew dull.

Then came the day—two years it was after that terrible night in spring—when Spain struck once more, and this time struck home. I was not at my dear master's side when he fell by the hand of Gérard, and when I reached the Prinsenhof he was already dead. Then I cursed Juana—I had never cursed her before.

I went to watch the murderer die piecemeal in tortures, though I knew that I did ill, for the Prince would

have desired no such vengeance. But I longed to watch him die who had smitten the Netherlands to the heart, and, moreover, I had need to look on Gérard himself, and be rid of a horrid vision which showed me Juana's face, Juana's golden head, whenever I thought on the assassin. So I stood near the gibbet to see; but when Gérard had lost his hand by fire, he crossed himself with the maimed arm—and I dropped where I stood, in a swoon. It was an evil sight, men said, but I had been smitten with the memory of Juana crossing herself above the Prince's body.

That was the last of my weakness. Juana was gone, and he was gone, our master and father whom we loved; there was naught left save only the Netherlands and a great hatred of Spain. These two I served with all the strength that was mine, and thus it came about that I was in Antwerp when Parma drew his forces close and ever closer round the city. Antwerp was a hard abiding-place for me at the first, since a bright, cruel spectre trod the familiar places with me, till famine and fear grew gaunt about our streets and jostled aside all else. Now of that leaguer I have no will to speak; of our dread, and our desperate hope; of the discord in our councils, and the despair of heart since Orange was not without the walls to succor us. I was no soldier by training; but in those days every man was soldier who could grasp a pike, and I took my share with the rest. I was with those which cut through the dykes to summon our friend the sea; and strange fighting it was, on the edge of earth grown sodden with blood and the salt tides, striving knee to knee with Parma's Spaniards and Walloons, while the sea rolled up to give sepulture to the fallen.

Were I to tell of those struggles, of the great sobbing shouts which hailed

the ships when they brought us bread—bread and the power to fight on—of the silence which drew in on us as we watched Parma's camp-fires across the ruined land— But I am not to tell of all that, but of the hour wherein I met Juana de Witt once more face to face.

Parma had done what none held a man might do; he had bridged the Scheldt at last—the mighty, unbridled river—had locked us from our friends, locked us in with famine and the creeping whisper of surrender. But we thought of Haarlem, and made one effort more.

It was dead dark of a night in spring when the fire-ships were launched against the bridge. Beneath the burning boats the hurrying Scheldt tore by, its black waters fire-crested from the flaming timbers. Fire and water in a mute and terrible league against our foes, and not a living man in all the fleet save one. Now I was that man, for when the *Fortune* and the *Hope* were made ready, something went amiss with the clockwork devised by Gianibelli, the Italian, the which was to fire the mine aboard the *Hope*. Then I offered myself to set light to the fuse and escape as I might. There was no such courage in it, for the waiting would have been harder far, the long waiting till the bridge should be conquered and the fleet sail in to save us. I had hated all spaces of blank time since the night of my vigil. Yet my task was harder than I thought; stranger, longer, and more dread. Before me, down the impatient stream, went the burning boats which were to distract the eyes and thoughts of Parma's men till the ships could do their work. And still, as they went, giant torches and beacons of alarm, the shores sprang to life at their passing. Struck sudden out of the encompassing night, fort and bastion showed their sullen fronts, and the Spaniards

flocked forth to gape on the pageant of death which menaced them. Spear and banner and gleam of armor flashed out along the banks, but idle all and moveless, for what did arms avail against the elements? Behind that flotilla of fire came our dark ships, loaded with powder and heaped stones—grave-stones many of them, turned to missiles against the living. Beneath my feet, as I stood by the helm, was stored the death of a thousand men, and it was for me to steer destruction to its goal. The fuse was within reach of my hand, and, lost in the dimness behind me, the little following boat whereby I must escape. Around my vessel the fierce waters muttered and hissed, but theirs were friendly voices. They, too, hated the Spaniards whose yoke was on their necks, and it seemed to me they murmured the Beggars' Echo-Song as, one wave to another, they carried on their undertone. But there were other than friends about me; from the shore came trumpet notes of threat and challenge above the rush of the Scheldt. The camp-fires of Parma watched me with red, hostile eyes, steadfast, when the wavering glare of our boats had swept by. Fire and water and the unsleeping hate of Spain were about me; but for none of these I feared. I fought to throw off the dogging memory of another night when I had guarded the Netherlands; and the death-fraught ship on the black waters was terrible to me by reason of the thought of a peaceful room, safe in a guarded city.

Nearer to the sinister line of the bridge, nearer. I was alone in my work, yet when the planks beneath me groaned and creaked, my fancy mocked me with footsteps, and it was Juana I seemed to see, with her hand on the fuse as once she had laid it on the Prince's wound. On we went, that Spanish phantom ever at my side, till all things grew unreal about me, and

the slanting columns of flame which marshalled me on my way, the rebellious water, and the ranks of armed men snatched at by the firelight, blotting out by the lurking night, were as fevered and fantastical visions. Close now to the bridge, so close I could discern the soldiers clustered there, swarthy faces under burnished helms a-grin in derision as our boats burned harmlessly away beyond Parma's pallsades. Flicker of fire and of steel, and rush of black water. Then all was clear and real to me again as I wedged the tiller in place that the *Hope* might drive straight upon the bridge. That done, I bent to set light to the fuse, screening it with my cloak from the wind of speed which beat on me. Done, so simply, so speedily done; and the Scheldt received me, death cold to my fevered body, yet a friend, for it bore me up till I reached the little boat, wherein I fled for life.

Once more, for a little, time was not. Till on a sudden the sky smote down to the engulfing river in one great blaze of red, and a crash like the rending of the world; and the bridge—Parma's bridge—shook and snapped and the Scheldt sprang free, thick strewn with mingled wreckage, while all the air rained stones and the steel-clad dead of Spain. Free! the river was free; our enemy's yoke was broken and we were saved!

I felt the blood leap in my veins with a joy I had not thought to know again. Panic was abroad among our foes, and scant wonder, for Parma lay stark and stunned upon his ruined bridge among the bodies of his best. Heedless of all save triumph, we turned and pulled down stream to look on Spain's overthrow. If but the men of Antwerp would strike in time; if but the Admiral would sweep his fleet through the gap which we had cleft! But they came not; and another came. Risen up from the blow which had

felled him, out to the end of the broken bridge, where one ship yet smouldered menace and the toppling stones were piled, came a figure in armor bright with gold, but unhelmeted, that he might be plain to all. Out to the piled wreckage he came, across the blood-besmirched wood, thick strewn with mangled things which had been soldiers of Spain. To the brink of the triumphing Scheldt he came, and order followed his steps. He caught one leaning brand which seemed ready to fall and smite him, and tossed the blazing wood out across the water; then lifting another he made close survey of the havoc wrought, and turning, waved on his men. In a moment some were at work amid the tumbled, burning heaps, while others thrust off our second ship till she slipped harmlessly out to the current and was borne away.

We had no need to ask what manner of man it was who stood among the fragments of his work and set to the task again. Parma, arch-devil of Spain, Parma, who had plotted our Prince's death, he stood there and foiled us as he had foiled us since Genblours. And even as we watched and the cursed fleet tarried, the bridge-building began anew; coolly, as though death by fire might not be stealing on them out of the dark across the red-dened water. No man but Alexander Farnese could have held soldiers to the work; but he—a beacon in his gold-wrought harness—stood by the brink, above the black eddying water, and ordered the laying of beam and plank by the light which our fireships had kindled.

Spain's cause hung on that one man's life, and without question asked or question answered, we crept nearer. Fire and water and the riven earth had spared him, but one hand might yet do what these had left undone. We escaped unseen, for by this the Span-

iards had pushed out in boats, and still we gained. We were within range, within musket shot, and he wore no helm. I had snatched up a weapon, and in another instant William had been avenged and Antwerp safe.

As I knelt, my face lifted and clear to the light, there was a cry I heard through all the sound of toil and above the rushing water. My shot rang out, and a figure, unarmored, velvet-clad, like some great man's page, sprang forward to the piled wreckage at Parma's side. The blur of flame and strange shadow dazzled me for a heartbeat. When I could see again, Parma stood erect; 'twas the stripling beside him had taken my bullet and reeled to the black water.

There was a crash of shouts and firing, but of all that I knew little. The current had caught the fallen figure and drifted it past my boat, and clear in the shadows I saw the face I knew.

I thought I had tasted hate before, but as I lifted Juana from the water, and looked back at the Prince she had saved, hate was on my very lips like the taste of blood. For his sake, then, for love of him, she had put her very

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womanhood aside; she had—I looked down and met the wide blue eyes, bright as swords. I knew that the fleet was too late, that Parma's work would triumph, but in that moment 'twas not for that I cared. Juana's eyes were upon me; her bright hair brushed my hand, where the scar yet showed. I turned from her; I looked back to Parma indomitable on his bridge, and her glance followed mine and read my thought. She was past speech by that, but she turned her face a little till it touched my hand. Then, very slowly, for her strength was spent, she raised her hand and once again, as there at Orange's bedside, she made the sign of the cross. The rest her spirit said to mine in that last look. For Spain and the Faith she had done her work. Orange she had sought to slay; Parma she had saved; but me she had loved, and taken my bullet in her breast. And at the last all was cleared between us, thus. And while Parma stood among his soldiers in the firelight, and we crept back along the sullen river, I bent and kissed her on the lips, for she was dead.

Dora Greenwell McChesney.

SCHILLER.

Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller, poet, dramatist, historian, and critic, was born on November 10, 1759, at Marbach, in the kingdom of Württemberg, and after a stormy youth and a placid and honored middle age died at Weimar on May 9, 1805. We now celebrate the centenary of his death. But the centenary is that of the greatest figure but one in the great period of German literature, not that of one of the great figures in the literature of the world. The attitude of German and of English critics tow-

ards the work of Schiller must always be essentially different. We have behind us the finest poetic drama that has ever existed; in Germany the poetic drama has never flourished in any true sense of the word—it has never really taken root at all. In Germany Schiller's star blazes in a poetical heaven unoccupied save by one superb planet and one lesser flame; in England the tale of constellations was complete before his advent. It is easy enough to explain the wild enthusiasm with which Schiller's appearance was re-

ceived by a generation accustomed to Kleist and Klopstock. The cult of him, which arose almost contemporaneously in England, is less easy to understand; but we are inclined to think that it was due to a large extent to the lack of acquaintance with our own dramatic literature which then prevailed in this country. Carlyle, for instance, told us that *Kabale und Liebe* was the finest domestic tragedy that he had ever read. No one, surely, could have expressed himself in such terms who was acquainted with *A Woman Killed with Kindness*. Coleridge, on the other hand, to whom the success of the cult was so largely due, was fully aware of his author's deficiencies in comparison with our own great dramatists. With reference to the beautiful speech of Wallenstein in the third act of *Wallensteins Tod*, beginning, "Max, bleibe bei mir.—Geh' nicht von mir, Max!" he observes that it is in the best style of Massinger, and adds pathetically, "O si sic omnia!"

In Germany, however, where Goethe and Lessing were the only standards of comparison, and the immeasurable superiority of Goethe to his brother dramatist was not yet understood, the fame of Schiller rose and rose till it culminated in the celebration of the centenary of his birth in 1859. He had an innumerable crowd of followers, of Epigoni, pouring out a continual stream of versification of unimpeachable smoothness and intolerable futility. To criticize Schiller would have seemed, if not blasphemous, at any rate as absurd as to speak disrespectfully of the equator. But since 1859 there has been a remarkable change. In making this statement we are supported by the high authority of Herr Fulda, who, whatever one may think of the merits of his compositions, is a literary figure of importance in Germany, and who, to judge from his own works, must be in general sympathy

with Schiller's aims. He declares that Schiller's reputation in his own country has sunk to a point which would have seemed impossible in 1859, that among the educated middle classes, formerly his staunchest admirers, he has gone completely out of fashion and has lost all influence, that no one is enthusiastic for him except the very old and the very young, and that the latter are half-ashamed of their enthusiasm. Nietzsche, the prophet of the younger generation, in his "Götzendämmerung," puts Schiller in the class of the "Impossible," and goes so far as to call him the "Moral-blowing Trumpeter of Sülkingen," an epithet which, as those who appreciate the reference will understand, is as insulting as any that could be bestowed upon a dramatist of repute. Herr Fulda attributes this downfall of Schiller, which, he thinks, is not permanent, to various causes. He thinks that Schiller was worshipped as the prophet of unity and of liberty, that he is essentially the poet of those who desire and have not attained; consequently now that the German nation has attained unity, material prosperity, and liberty of a sort, it no longer pays homage to the poet who inspired its efforts. No people whose aim is power and success, and which regards pathos and sentimentality as hindrances to progress, can be expected to admire Schiller's heroes. Most fatal sign of all, the German woman no longer feels her former "Schwärmerel" for the poet. With the progress of her emancipation she has begun to feel a natural distaste for his patronizing attitude towards her sex:—

Tugenden brauchet der Mann, er
stürzt sich wagend ins Leben,
Tritt mit dem stärkeren Glück in den
bedenklichen Kampf.
Eine Tugend genüget dem Weib; sie ist
da, sie erscheinet
Lieblich dem Herzen, dem Aug'
lieblich erscheine sie stets!

She has, very properly, begun to regard such praise as this and that contained in "Würde der Frauen" as only one degree better than contempt.

Such being the present position of Schiller's reputation in Germany, it is our duty to discover whether our own estimate of his work is higher or lower than that at which his countrymen appear to have arrived. A recent reperusal of the whole of the author's poetical and dramatic works and of as much as we could comfortably digest of his prose compositions has, on the whole, left the impression which is so often produced by the exhibition in bulk of the *œuvre* of a deceased Royal Academician—it has emphasized Schiller's deficiencies without laying equal emphasis on his merits. Foremost among his defects we should place his lack of the sense of humor, and without a sense of humor it is hard to achieve immortality. He may have been somewhat conscious of this himself, since he scarcely ever indulged in compositions of an ostensibly humorous kind. If he had never done so, we should have been spared "Die berühmte Frau." Readers of his ballads will remember "Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer," where the wicked servant is put into the furnace by mistake for the virtuous little page, and "Der Kampf mit dem Drachen," in which the hero, like an American football-player, practises on a dummy dragon before meeting the real monster. In his curious romance "Der Geisterseher" there is an admirable situation for farce; the supposed sorcerer, to his intense dismay, succeeds in calling up a real ghost instead of the sham spirit which he had concealed up the chimney. Schiller treats this affair with relentless solemnity. His early plays cannot be read without a smile, though Herr Fulda would have us believe they are realistic representations of the life of the period. Our laughter

culminates at the most tragic moment of the last act of *Kabale und Liebe*. "I am calm," cries Ferdinand, "calm, too, is the shuddering stretch of country over which the plague has swept; I am calm. Yet one request, Louisa—it is my last. My head burns so feverishly. I need refreshment. Will you make me a glass of lemonade?" (Exit Louisa.) Collectors of unfortunate phrases will treasure the description of the dungeon in the same play, "wo die Nacht mit der Hölle liebäugelt"—"where Night makes eyes at Death and Death at Night."

Had Schiller the true lyric gift? We do not feel certain that he had. Occasionally he rises to considerable heights, as in "Die Götter Griechenlands," "Das Siegesfest," and Thekla's song; but it is a striking fact that his poetry has been utilized by musicians to a far less extent than the verses of much smaller men. This, surely, is a valid test of its lyrical quality. Schubert's "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus" and "Des Mädchens Klage" were inspired by him, and there is the great instance of "An die Freude," though it can hardly be maintained that the glories of the last movement of the Choral Symphony are mainly due to Schiller's poem. Far less successful instances of a connection between Schiller and music are Romberg's "Lied von der Glocke," Dr. Joachim's "Scene der Marfa," from *Demetrius*, Mendelssohn's "Die Künstler," the compositions of Liszt and of Smetana and Vincent d'Indy, based on *Die Ideale* and on *Wallenstein* respectively, and Verdi's opera "Luisa Miller" (*Kabale und Liebe*). In striking contrast to this meagre list stands the mass of music to which Goethe's verse has given birth. We may perhaps comment here on Schiller's position as a metrist. He is most successful in the trochaic dimeters of such a poem as "An die Freude," and by peculiar arrangements of these, as

in "Das Siegesfest," he occasionally produces admirable effects. His treatment of irregular choric metres sometimes succeeds, as in some of the odes in "Die Braut von Messina," sometimes fails disastrously, as in "Der Handschuh." His elegiacs are not so good as Goethe's, and sometimes he presents us with lines like "Auf das Wahrhaftige nur, auf das Ewige wies," which seem to postulate a complete absence of the sense of rhythm. But it is to the monotony of his blank verse, his principal vehicle of expression, that we cannot but attribute the dreariness of much of his dramatic work. It is not altogether Schiller's fault; the failing is common to almost all German blank verse, and tempts us to think that the true medium of dramatic expression in that language is a loose rhyming metre, such as is employed, to cite the last successful instance, in Sudermann's *Die drei Reiherfedern*. Schiller half recognizes this in the prologue to *Wallensteins Lager* where he speaks of the Muse's "altes deutsches Recht, des Reimes Spiel," but he at once proceeds to apologize for his employment of rhyme. We have examined two sets of a hundred consecutive lines drawn from his first and his last completed drama. In the former set there is not one single variation from the regular beat of the iambic, and fifty per cent. of the lines have feminine endings. A single Alexandrine interrupts the decasyllabic current. In the second set forty-six per cent. of the lines have feminine endings; there are four resolved feet, one false accent, and two fragmentary lines. And this monotony continues through all the dramas, through soliloquy and dialogue, through contemplation and incident, whoever be the speaker and whatever be the occasion. Twice, indeed, in *Die Jungfrau von Orleans* and in *Maria Stuart*, we have complete scenes composed of Alexandrines, resulting only

in increased monotony. The Maid occasionally speaks in rhyme and at once becomes operative. Rhyme is also adopted by other characters in moments of emotion, often with most unsatisfactory results—witness the disastrous couplet which concludes Act III. of *Die Piccolomini*, of which Coleridge says "few will not have taste enough to laugh." Truly Schiller should have taken lessons in the metrical school of Fletcher and Ford.

Schiller was a most methodical writer. He began his career by the composition of three prose tragedies. He then produced a verse tragedy, *Don Carlos*. Then for twelve years he studied and wrote history. After that in the remaining six years of his life he produced five verse tragedies and a portion of a sixth. His spare time was occupied by his numerous miscellaneous poems and contributions to *Thalia* and *Die Horen*. The publication of *Die Räuber*, his first work, was perhaps the greatest triumph ever achieved in the literary field by one so young. Through all the rampagous fustian of which that play is composed there burns something which must seize on the imagination even of the least imaginative. We can only compare the quality of the effect with that produced by "Wuthering Heights." A great deal of the drama seems like some monstrous parody, other parts remind one more of the "Castle of Otranto" than of anything else; one feels that "Monk" Lewis, who first translated it into English, was quite the most suitable person for the task. The characters are inhuman, the language is worse than brutal, the plot is preposterous, yet there is always that indefinable something which marks the work of genius. The most amusing feature of it all is that Schiller in his preface claims for this red-hot riot a place "among the books of morality" and bids us in him "not to admire the

author, but to respect the man of high principle." It was only natural that the immense success of *Die Räuber* should have led him to produce other plays of a similar kind. *Die Verschwörung des Fiesco zu Genua*, its immediate successor, is undoubtedly a failure. It is more compact and less crazy than *Die Räuber*, but with the increase of concentration and sanity there has come a great decrease of power and impressiveness. Of *Kabale und Liebe* we have already said something. Its ridiculous picture of a small German Court could only have been successful among a people as devoid of the sense of humor as the author himself. Several of the characters have committed crimes of one sort or another. "Johanna Norfolk," *alias* Lady Milford, is a pure figure of fun; and Luise's fidelity to the oath extorted by duress forms the crudest misuse of this antiquated stage device with which we are acquainted. Even the virtuous Ferdinand has no objection to robbing his father for his own benefit, on the ground that his father himself had obtained the money by robbery. Of the amazing coarseness of the language we will say nothing. We may observe that the fragment of *Der Menschenfeind*, which was begun, but fortunately never proceeded with, shows incipient symptoms of the same faults. Schiller now published his first play in verse, *Don Carlos*, probably one of the longest and certainly one of the dreariest tragedies ever written. Even his most ardent admirers admit that the first half of the play has one hero and the second half another, with the result that we fail to take much interest in either. His twelve years' abstention from dramatic work, which followed, inspired his greatest work in *Wallenstein*, and, after three less successful plays, in *Wilhelm Tell*. But we have never been able to understand why Schiller, being a historian, so often per-

verted historical fact to the detriment of his characters and his drama. *Wallenstein*, as presented in Schiller's history, we can appreciate. When his simulacrum is presented to us in the play we are unable to imagine how this weak-willed, star-gazing personage, who has no plans and is a puppet in the hands of Countess Terzky, could ever have contrived to induce any army of soldiers to follow him even into battle, much less into revolt against their sovereign. A worse case still is that of the Maid. Schiller makes her downfall to be due to a ridiculous passion for one Lionel, an Englishman, a theme only worthy of Voltaire's "La Pucelle." The historical fact, which would have provided him with a splendid dramatic *motif*—namely, the Maid's gradual loss of confidence in her own powers after the accomplishment of her mission at Rheims—he deliberately discards. He even prefers to represent his heroine as a radiant and beautiful creature, instead of the simple, homely peasant of the statue in the Musée Historique at Orleans. When he deserts history entirely he fares little better. The imaginary scene between Mary Stuart and Elizabeth, for instance, which might have been made so great, is a mere tournament of vulgar abuse. But Schiller's sense of dramatic propriety was not keen. We may instance the impossible speeches which are put into the mouth of Wilhelm Tell's little son and of the peasants in the *Jungfrau* and the long narrative by the faithful Kennedy to Mary Stuart of facts which her mistress knew perfectly well already.

In what, then, does the greatness of Schiller consist? Lord Goschen has told us recently that he possessed the highest possible ideals. But it is possible to have the highest ideals and yet be a very poor dramatist, just as it is possible to be a very fine dramatist

and yet possess no ideals at all. His real merit must be held, we think, to consist in a continuity of grave eloquence, with no very exalted moments, but with few lapses from the plateau of moderate elevation along which his Muse ranges. In the works of his maturity there are no shocks, just as there are no surprises. His best mood is one of dignified melancholy. At the very outset we find this in the beautiful dialogue between Hector and Andromache, which was incorporated in *Die Räuber*; and the following passage, which perhaps shows Schiller at his highest achievement, is of this character:—

Und was ist dein Beginnen? Hast du
dir's
Auch redlich selbst bekannt? Du
willst die Macht,
Die ruhig, sicher thronende erschüttern,
Die in verjährt geheiligtem Besitz,
In der Gewohnheit fest gegründet ruht,
Die an der Völker frommem Kinder-
glauben
Mit tausend zähen Wurzeln sich be-
festigt.
Das wird kein Kampf der Kraft sein
mit der Kraft,
Den fürcht' ich nicht. Mit jedem Geg-
ner wag' ich's,
Den ich kann sehen und ins Auge
fassen,
Der, selbst voll Muth, auch mir den
Muth entflammt.
Ein unsichtbarer Feind ist's, den ich
fürchte,
Der in der Menschen Brust mir
widersteht,
Durch feige Furcht allein mir fürchter-
lich—
Nicht, was lebendig, kraftvoll sich ver-
kündigt,
Ist das gefährlich Furchbare. Das
ganz
Gemeine ist's, das ewig Gestrige,
Was immer war und immer wieder-
kehrt
Und morgen gilt, weil's heute hat
gegolten!

Here we have the dignity, the monoton-
y, the gravity, and the eloquence to

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the full. It is these qualities which give *Wilhelm Tell* the best chance of surviving of all Schiller's plays. The work is, indeed, not so much a play as a dramatic poem. There is no real co-ordination between the Rudenz-Attinghausen plot, the Rudenz-Bertha plot, the Parricida-Kaiser plot, and the rest; and Tell is a most unsatisfactory hero, who, but for two feats of watermanship and two feats of cross-bow shooting, the latter of no creditable kind, does little to justify his reputation. But the situation permits Schiller, at the expense of the dramatic excitement which the spectator has a right to expect, to construct those passages of dignified description and exhortation, often of great beauty, in which he excels. We ought not to look in Schiller for the infinite variety of our own great dramatists. For one thing, he is doomed to work in that recalcitrant medium, the German language; for another, such variety is impossible to the purely Teutonic genius. Even Shakespeare, when handled by Schiller in his translation of *Macbeth*, sinks to the Schillerian dead level. The Elizabethanism is gone. The Porter, for instance, in place of his magnificent buffoonery, is made to sing the silliest of little German songs. It is this incompatibility between the mind of Schiller and the Elizabethan mind, as we have already suggested, which makes the due appraisement of Schiller so difficult to an English critic; nevertheless, we are bound to form for ourselves an estimate of his merits based upon the lofty standard of comparison with which our own drama has provided us. Schiller's reputation may wane or increase, as taste changes; but we feel confident that it will never again reach the height to which it was hoisted by the sentimental idealism of the early nineteenth century.

THE QUEEN'S MAN.

A ROMANCE OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

CHAPTER XX.

The pale light of that February dawn rose quietly over Ruddiford. It may be that Lady Marlowe's sudden and awful fate had the effect of stunning men; it may be that every one was tired out, mind and body; in any case, a strange stillness, throughout castle and town, succeeded to the turmoil and noise of the last few days. The standard of Lancaster hung in heavy folds once more upon the keep, side by side with the Roden colors. Her ladyship's men, those of them who had escaped in the surprise, humbly made their submission and begged for mercy from their rightful master. Rival houses were not much to them, nor the color of a rose, so long as they were warmed and fed and had a lord to follow.

Mistress Margaret had shut herself up in her own rooms, with Dame Kate and her maids, and seemed to think of nothing but tending the Vicar, who lay sick to death, as it appeared, his small remains of strength ebbing from hour to hour. Before Margaret followed those who carried him helpless to her tower, she had turned and said to Harry, in the hearing of them all: "The command is yours, my Lord. You will hold the place for my grandfather, for me, for the King. My men will obey you."

Harry bowed profoundly and accepted the charge. Jasper Tilney frowned, his Fellowship grumbled among themselves, but no one made any open resistance. It was known, besides, that Lord Marlowe was one of the executors of Sir William's will; and the command of Ruddiford could scarcely have been given to his worthy colleagues.

After Lady Marlowe's death, after she had been carried into the priest's house and laid on a bed, and after Harry, pale, with fixed eyes and thoughts wrapped in this new horror, had hurried down from the castle in the twilight of dawn to see for himself and to give his orders there, Antonio slipped back to find the new rule established. Coming up with Jasper Tilney, stalking round the defences with dark brows and heavy discontent, Antonio looked into his face and laughed.

"So! times have changed," he said. "The captive has become the master, the master, the obedient watch-dog. Who would not joy to live in such a world of wonders?"

"Call you me dog? Dog yourself!" replied Jasper. "Another word, and I fling you over the wall into the river."

The threat did not seem terrifying. Antonio laughed again; he was too triumphant to be angry.

"Pardon, Master Tilney; I had no wish to offend," he said. "What does it matter to you or to me, this little power with which my Lord clothes himself? We are equal with him. A turn of Fortune's wheel this very day, and you or I may stand where he stands, but—even nearer the throne."

Jasper did not answer at once. They were standing on the ramparts, looking over the slow river, just beginning to glimmer gray in the dawn, and the fields of mist where willows like wandering ghosts shadowed the morning paleness. Beyond these, miles away, lay King's Hall, and the squire stared gloomily towards his home.

"Ay," he said, "but you mistake, Antonio, if you think that game of silly chance will bring advantage to you or to me, however it may turn. I was

within an ace just now of ordering the horses and riding home,—why stay here to dance at another Marlowe wedding? But there seemed a stroke of work to be done in ridding Ruddiford of Yorkists. However, whereas I should have strung up her Ladyship's band of rascals in a row, my Lord forgives them freely. He will repent, maybe; anyhow, 'tis no affair of mine. But I tell you, we may as well be off, you and I, before your cursed lot-drawing as after it. I tell you again, young man, if you win, I shall kill you,—but you won't. And if I win,—my Lord is something between the maddest of fools and the truest of gentlemen, but I doubt him enough of either to give her up, against her will, even for the honor that may lie in a straw. But I shall not win." He paused, staring grimly into the mist. "Would she marry me," he said, "if I won her three times over, or killed the man she loves? If I thought so,—but nay, she is no more the child that old Sir William used to dandle on his knee. I might as well ask St. Margaret in the church window to step down and marry me. And as for you,"—his low laugh revealed inexpressible depths of negligent scorn.

The tone brought a touch of color to Antonio's pale cheek. But he smiled. "You are too down-hearted and mealy-mouthed," he said. "You threaten to kill me, but 'tis an even chance that I may kill you, if by chance you draw the prize. And why should we give her up to Lord Marlowe? What has her will to do with the matter? The trial is no mockery. You swore to me, both of you, that you would abide by it. We may quarrel afterwards; but if I pull the longest straw, Master Tilney, neither you nor my Lord nor any bolts and bars nor angels nor devils will keep my prize from me. Ay, you may take the castle if you will, and share all the estates and riches between you. If I live I will

have her,—my bride,—and I will carry her away out of this muddy England to a country where the sun shines,—to a land of joy,—joy for me—ah!"

He drew a long breath, smiling. Jasper turned his fierce eyes upon him.

"If you live—my fine fellow—but you won't live," he said. "Failing him or me, your bride, as your insolent lackey's tongue dares to call Mistress Roden, would find a knife to stab you with."

"I will run my risk," Antonio said, and slipped away with flushed cheeks and dark eyes dancing. The companionship of Jasper Tilney on the high rampart was neither pleasant nor safe; his hand kept fumbling with his sword-hilt. Antonio's swift feet carried him to the lower door of Margaret's tower. There Fortune helped him in his plans, by bringing Dame Kate scrambling hastily down the stairs on her way to the kitchen. He snatched at her cloak and stopped her, asking how the Vicar fared. She, knowing no reason for distrust, answered him fully and frankly, and then, on her side, began eagerly questioning him as to the death of Lady Marlowe. She held up her old hands in thankfulness that Providence had delivered her precious lamb from such a guardianship.

Antonio would not dwell on that subject. It was past; the woman was dead; the only creature who could match him in craft and boldness, the only one, he believed, who could spoil his life and step in between him and the object of his passionate desire. He had no thoughts to spare for her now, no time to rejoice in his freedom; the future demanded all his wit and power. The absent hurry with which he answered her questions annoyed Dame Kate a little, and reminded her of her own claims. Every one seemed to forget that her bold venture, not so many hours ago, had shown the besiegers the

way into the castle. She had had no reward, scarcely even thanks, in spite of Antonio's promises; and now she began to grumble, and to remind him how she had risked her old bones,—aching now, she swore to him, worse than they had ever ached before. That ducking in the chilly stream had been comfortless enough to finish off an old body, let alone hours of wakefulness and starving. And was she to have nothing for it? Then my Lord and Master Tilney were a couple of ungrateful rogues.

"Patience, dame," said Antonio. "Sure they have enough to do to-day, without thinking of you. I'll jog their memories when the right time comes. But you, too, you owe some thanks to him who pulled you out of the Ruddy. An I had not been there, where would you be now? Tumbling and washing down the stream, like a dead rat in the gutter. What do you owe me for that, dame?"

"Nay, good thanks and a kindness, when there's time to do one," the old woman answered with a chuckle.

"You might do me one to-day," Antonio said. "Come, don't turn away,—you have known me long—"

"And whipped you before now, Master Tony," said Dame Kate. "Little wicked foreign sprite as you were, with your black eyes and cream skin—'twas ever hard to refuse you—there, hands off—" for Antonio slipped his arm round her solid waist, and hurriedly kissed the apple-cheeks under the wings of her cap.

Then, before letting her go, he whispered a wonderful romance in her ear. He told how he was riding with two of Jasper Tilney's Fellowship from King's Hall, and how they found a fine gold chain lying in the road, and how he saw it first, but the others were ready to fight him for it, and how they agreed to keep the peace then, as they were riding to take the castle and

avenge Sir William, but to draw lots for the chain so soon as their work was done. He knew they would cheat him if they could, he said, though they called themselves gentlemen; and here she agreed with him. He laughed as he told her his plan, and being a woman of adventurous spirit, and of no very strict principles, she entered into his little plot and promised to help him, on condition that he would jog Lord Marlowe's memory as to the debt the besiegers owed her.

"You do not think it will be a sin, Master Tony?" she asked rather anxiously.

"What sin? The chain is rightfully mine, I tell you. 'Twas I who saw it first; the others tried to rob me. 'Tis a just act you are doing, good dame, helping a man to come by his own. If your conscience be sore afterwards, confess to the Vicar, if he lives, or to Parson Curley—he'll shrive you the more easily."

"Ah! And what would Mistress Meg say?" the old woman muttered doubtfully.

Antonio paused a moment. Had Dame Kate looked at him then, she might have been warned to avoid him and all his plots. But he said, with a low laugh: "What can your nursing have to say to such a little matter? She has greater things to think of, and greater men than the poor secretary."

"That is very true, Master Tony, for since the night Sir William died, she has not breathed your name."

He still smiled, murmured some foolish word in her ear, and kissed the old face again; then they parted for the time, she trotting on giggling to the kitchen.

A few hours later, Harry Marlowe came striding back alone from the house by the church, where his dead stepmother was lying. It was like the man, to honor Isabel in death as if she had really been the good and loyal

woman his father had believed her. As to her guilt in the death of Sir William Roden, that must be enquired into. At present he had no one's word for it but that of the young Italian, in whom he placed no credit at all. He listened with downcast eyes to the opinion of Simon and Timothy Toste, whom he had summoned to wait upon him. They, trembling half from exhaustion of body, half from anxiety of mind and the nervous strain of their narrow escape from violent death at her ladyship's hands, were not likely to take a favorable view of her doings in the past; he saw that they believed the worst.

He gave his orders shortly and sternly. The body was to be embalmed. It was to lie here, in the priest's house (for he would not offend the folk of Ruddiford by removing it into the church) till a funeral procession could convey it home to Swanlea. Nuns from the neighboring abbey were to watch it night and day; a priest was to say litanies; candles were to burn round the bed where it lay. Messengers were to be sent at once to find Richard Marlowe, wherever he might be, and to call him to his mother's burial. Harry sat down and wrote tender letters, more than one, to the young brother who had ridden out into the world with his gay bride, careless of trouble and innocent of crime.

The will, a roll of parchment, lay upon the table. Harry handed it to Timothy Toste. "Keep that, Master Attorney, till you are asked for it. Now go, all of you, let me alone for a time."

He knelt down and prayed, and looked for a long time on the face of the dead woman, beautiful, spiritual, stately as it had never been in life. After this he left her to the care of little Simon, and returned to the castle.

He had given no order to stop the

ringing of the bells, and they were still shaking the air with triumphant clash and peal as he marched through the gate, the guards saluting him, and up the broad stone-paved way to the inner courtyard. He walked fast, looking on the ground, with stooping shoulders and absent eyes, his cap pulled forward, his hair in dishevelled curls, pale from his captivity, worn by the late sleepless nights and straining days. He looked more like a half-crazed scholar buried in studious thought than a courtier, a soldier, his Queen's right hand, the lover of a noble girl and the lord of her fate. Was he indeed so much?

As his long steps turned towards Margaret's tower, one stood bareheaded in his way and said to him: "My Lord! The three straws, my Lord! The time has come."

Harry started and stood still. Antonio had not spoken above a loud whisper, and even that seemed to tremble on its way, with a quick catching of the breath that might have meant impatience or fear. But he smiled, showing his white teeth, till the full and solemn gaze of Lord Marlowe's eyes met his, which fell before them; and then his smile died suddenly.

"Lead on, sir," Harry said. "Where is Master Tilney? Let us have done with this foolery."

Antonio was smiling again, even laughing to himself, as he darted on towards the steps leading to the hall. There Jasper Tilney joined them, with a dark flush on his sullen face, and blue eyes that blazed threateningly on the Italian.

But Antonio went swiftly forward, mounting now the low broad staircase that led from the hall to old Sir William's room, with its great window commanding the bridge and the south road. A pale yellow gleam of sunshine lay across the room, dazzling and thick with dust, so that at first the only

creature there was invisible; a crouching figure in the corner of the settle by the fireplace, so swathed in wrappings that one could not tell whether it was male or female, blindfolded with a broad white scarf, holding out, one above the other, stiff old bony fists that clutched three shining straws.

"Our fate hath a rugged outside," Jasper was beginning, when Antonio made him an eager sign to be silent, and coming nearer, said in a whisper: "Surely, sirs, 'tis your wish to keep this bargain secret from the world? The hag you see there knows nothing; she serves me thus for a small reward."

"The Italian is right," Lord Marlowe said.

His manner was absent and careless still. After a passing glance at the strange object in the corner, his eyes wandered to the window, where, lighted up by sunset glory, he had first seen Meg Roden leaning forth. And in this old room he had asked her in marriage. There, in that great empty chair, Sir William used to sit; he could see him now, his good blue eyes somewhat foolish, his white and venerable beard. How could a woman—he shuddered, and looked again towards the window.

"A tool of yours, Master Tonio? I thought as much," Jasper Tilney was saying. "'Tis very well to be indifferent, but if I am to lose, I will not be cheated."

Three strides brought him up to the settle. Then he paused, staring fiercely at the figure, which shook under his eyes, though blind-folded.

Antonio smiled; he had expected something of the kind. "Have a care, sir," he said softly. "The dame is a vixen, a fury, it may be dangerous."

"And a witch, hey!" shouted Jasper. "She shall be burnt and you hanged"; but he shrank back, all the same, from touching her. Who knew that a hand

too bold might not be mysteriously withered? Such things had happened before now.

"I said nothing of witchcraft," murmured Antonio. "I know a little magic of my own country. Did I choose to be dishonest, I need not ask the help of any old woman in England. Come, will you draw?"

Lord Marlowe stepped forward with outstretched hand.

"Your pardon, not so fast," said Jasper quickly. "Open thy hand, gammer; show us these straws of thine. I will be sure there is no foul play."

The old blindfolded woman muttered something between her teeth; "Here's a coil about a piece of a chain!"

Antonio first frowned, then laughed, looked at the others and touched his forehead. "A machine, masters, a mere machine, a holder of straws."

He was shivering from head to foot with impatience. But Jasper was not to be hurried, and Lord Marlowe stood by, looking on dreamily, as if the matter was no great concern of his. Jasper drew his dagger, and touched the woman's hand with the flat of the cold steel.

"Ah, villain!" she cried out sharply. "Master Tony, you swore I should come to no harm."

But her fingers opened wide, and Jasper with a fierce smile caught the three straws as she dropped them.

"Keep still, dame, all's well, no one will hurt you, only keep still," Antonio muttered hastily, for the old hands were fidgeting towards the scarf that covered the eyes.

Jasper laid out the three straws on his broad palm, and held them towards Lord Marlowe. They were of unequal length, but otherwise appeared exactly alike. He took up each separately, the shortest, the next, the longest, and examined them with a keenness that made Antonio's lips grow white. Neither of the men looked at

him. Lord Marlowe, having glanced at the straws, turned his head again towards the window.

"The longest, then, is the prize," said Jasper. His eyes with a bold stare seemed to seize and hold Antonio's, and lifting the long straw to his lips, he drew it slowly from end to end along them; then he laughed and gave up the three into the Italian's eager hand.

"Nay, sir, you accuse me of cheating, but what is that?" said Antonio, reddening angrily; and then, while Jasper watched him, he took the end of his own scarf and carefully dried the damp straw.

Both young men leaned forward, and it was Antonio, Jasper watching him keenly, who replaced the three straws in the old woman's hand, then bade her turn them about several times and close her fists upon them. When this was done, no ordinary eyes could have spied any difference between them.

"And why all this delay?" Lord Marlowe asked, waking from his dream suddenly. "Draw, and let the matter end."

The deep music of his voice, so different in tone and accent from those of the other men, made the old woman start and tremble. Antonio, standing close beside her, let his fingers close upon her wrist; the grip was a sharp warning to be still.

"Which first?" said Jasper, turning to Lord Marlowe. "How decide?"

"It matters not," Harry answered.

He looked at Antonio, but there was nothing to be read in those dark inscrutable eyes. Was it suggestion, witchcraft, Italian magic, that made him add quickly, "The youngest"? Then under his breath he added, "God will provide." He waved his hand towards the young Italian with a slight gesture so high, so scornful, that Antonio shrank and set his teeth. It seemed that Harry's faith in the justice

of Fate, the kindness of Providence, raised him above all fear and suspicion.

"Right, my Lord,—say the meanest," said Jasper Tilney, and he began to play with his sword-hilt, while Dame Kate, still fast in Antonio's grasp, trembled still more and would have risen, had it been possible.

"Now," said Antonio, "now my good patron, Saint Antony of Padua." He drew one straw from the three, not without, as it seemed, an instant's difficulty, so tight was it gripped in the hollow of the old dame's thumb.

Lord Marlowe waved to Jasper, and he took the next; his color faded and he bit his lips; it was certainly shorter than that he had held in his hand before. Lord Marlowe stepped forward and took the last; it was shorter still.

Antonio faced the two men for a moment of terrible silence.

"Nay, nay!" Jasper said viciously. "Now take your choice, Master Tonio; renounce what you have gained, or,—," he drew his sword with a sudden clatter—"you die!"

"I have your oath, sir!" cried Antonio. "You swore to abide by this trial,—you too, my Lord,—you are an honorable man,—I appeal to you. The prize is mine,—I have drawn it,—I have it fairly, and no man shall force me. No, Jasper Tilney, leader of ruffians, you are not master here. I,—I am master,—bride and castle are mine. My Lord, you cannot gainsay it."

"Do not touch him, Master Tilney," Harry said. "Leave this quarrel to me. You will fight with me first, foreigner, and then, if you have the best of it, with Master Tilney. If I honor you so far as to meet you in single combat, a low-born man, he for my sake will do the same. I will ask this favor of him for you."

"I thank you, my Lord," cried Antonio, laughing. "But why, forsooth, should I fight with any man? I have

won, and fairly. Your honor should drive you to take my side against this man who threatens me, who will not keep his word. Go! I defy you both! I will drive you from Ruddiford."

Drawing the dagger at his belt, he leaped out of Jasper's way, and the blow of the sword missed him. He dodged his attacking enemy round Sir William's great chair, while Jasper, with a sudden roar of laughter, called aloud to him to stand and be killed.

"Patience, patience, Master Tilney. Fate is against us; we must meet her in another way. Do not murder the wretched boy," cried Harry Marlowe.

Dame Kate groaned aloud in the background. Terrified by the noise, and by finding that Antonio had deceived her, though she hardly yet realized all that hung upon the drawing of those fateful straws, she scrambled out of her muffings and tore the bandage from her eyes. "Oh, my Lord! Sirs, sirs, what is all this coil about? Mary Mother, have mercy!" she cried, wringing her hands. "Alack, how have I been misused and cheated, a poor innocent dame! Master Tony, thou deservest the dungeon for this. But stop, stop, Master Tilney, 'tis not a killing matter. My lord, pardon; will you see bloodshed? Enough, master, enough! What doth it all mean?"

Antonio went edging, dagger in hand, towards the door, Jasper pursuing and striking at him. The sliding of their feet, the hissing of their quickly-drawn breath, were the only sounds except the groans of the old woman. Suddenly over the misty meadows, echoing back from the distant wall of looming woods, and from the castle-walls as it drew nearer, came the loud and shrill blast of a trumpet, and with it quick ears could hear the tramp of many horses and armed men.

"My God! Who is there?" cried Harry Marlowe, and rushed to the window.

He threw the lattice open and leaned out, as Meg had done that evening when he and his little troop rode in over the bridge.

Now, a couple of hundred men, splashed from head to foot with the mire of the roads, were advancing slowly from the south, with jingling of bridles, clash of pikes, and tramp of weary feet. There were also pack-horses and country wagons, a number of grooms, and in the midst of all two horse-litters rich with hangings on which the royal arms were blazoned. With the trumpeters who rode in front was the standard of Lancaster, and every man wore in his cap the silver swan, the badge of Edward, Prince of Wales.

From the front of the foremost litter a woman was leaning out, her beautiful worn face lifted, with dark eyes scanning the castle as she drew near. She smiled, seeing the colors on the keep. She was still looking up, smiling, when the bridge-gate was set open at a word from the men who rode before her, and advancing on the bridge she suddenly saw the face of a follower she knew and had long missed, gazing down upon her little army from the window. She snatched a white kerchief from her neck and waved it, crying at the same time to those behind her: "Look up! See our captive Marlowe, who scarce knows his old friends, so dazed is he by long enchantments."

Her voice reached Harry's ears plainly enough. With a flushed face and eyes full of fire he turned to Jasper and Antonio, who had suddenly forgotten their quarrel at the sound of that trumpet which announced to Ruddiford the coming of Royalty.

"It is the Queen!" he said. "I shall meet you later,"—and dashed from the room.

Jasper Tilney gazed open-mouthed from the window. Leaning on his

sword, forgetting for the instant the very existence of Antonio, he lingered thus for a minute or two as the trailing procession crossed the bridge; then he was roused by a sudden loud clang to remember all, and turning round fiercely, found himself alone with the old woman, still groaning in the corner.

"What wickedness is this? What lies, what lies? Ah, my poor lamb, are all these wolves after thee, and has thy poor nurse helped the worst brute of all? Ah, Master Jasper, do not glare upon me so! He cheated me; he told me 'twas a matter of a gold chain, that two of thy Fellowship were to draw the lots with him. Alas, alas, what have I done? And where are they gone now, and what is this—a new army coming to besiege us? Alack-a-day!"

"What, Dame Kate, is it thou?" said Jasper. "I thought 'twas some wicked old hag from the worst hovel in the town. But I've no time to waste with thee." He was striding towards the door, when something she said arrested him. "He knew, said'st thou? He knew which straw to take? But how?" He stooped and picked the straws from the floor.

"This—the longest—you say he knew where you held it—he marked it too? but how, where? What—ay, by heaven, I see—a dint of a finger-nail, no more than the print of an eyelash. The incarnate liar and devil! Do you know what he has done? He has taken the prize,—your mistress, dame, whom you should have guarded with your life. I have a mind to chop off

those hands of yours,—they deserve it. Now he *shall* die, and my sword shall have no mercy. Where is he now? Gone to her? And her fine lord of a lover flown away to his Queen? No Queens for me!"

As Jasper spoke he was wrenching hard at the door, but it would not open.

"The Queen! And our kitchen all in disarray!" cried Dame Kate. "Sakes alive, Master Tilney, be we locked in? That is his doing,—ay, now I think on't, I heard him turn the key."

Jasper beat and kicked on the door, swearing furiously.

Down in the court and the hall below a tide of noise was swelling; the bells had struck up again, and all Ruddiford, at the sound of the trumpet, was pouring with shouts from the town to the castle-gates. For the litters were set down at the end of the bridge, and from them stepped not only a woman, beautiful, majestic, through all her misfortunes holding men's hearts with the magic of her smile, and throughout her unhappy career the heroine of the north and the Midlands, but a slender man, dark-eyed, nervous, sad, shivering under his wrappings, and a boy of seven years old, with golden curls flowing on his shoulders.

Thus Harry Marlowe, the Queen's man, governor for the moment of Ruddiford Castle, kneeling on his knees at the bridge gate, received King Henry the Sixth, Queen Margaret of Anjou, and Prince Edward of Wales, as they fled from south to north again after the short-lived triumph at St. Albans.

GERMAN FOREIGN POLICY.

Those who were Members of the House of Commons forty years ago will remember Mr. White, who represented Brighton. Marvellous stories were told, whether true or false I never discovered, of his adventures in Eastern seas under an unrecognized flag. He was an ungainly man, apparently about sixty, with a gray beard and a red face, and he could have acted Falstaff without adventitious additions to his figure. Shortly after Mr. Disraeli became Prime Minister for the first time, Mr. White, who forgot that discretion is the better part of valor, made a vulgar attack one evening on that brilliant personage. He was exceedingly offensive, but he was evidently of opinion that his clumsy insolence was polished invective. In the course of his disjointed remarks he quoted Sheridan, who on some occasion declared that Parliament and the country "had had quite enough of little Isaac's policy." Mr. White thought it necessary to let us know that the father of the Prime Minister was called Isaac. He was, moreover, so pleased with his quotation that he repeated it over and over again, and sat down at last evidently highly delighted with his incoherent oration and ponderous joke. Mr. Disraeli rose in his place, held his glass to his eye, and gazed in wonder at the burly form of the self-satisfied and smiling Mr. White. He then dropped his glass, and said in a tone of grave mockery: "I hardly think the House will expect me to answer the successor of Mr. Sheridan." It is difficult to convey to any one who was not present the effect of that stinging remark. The contrast between the personality of Sheridan, with his bright, sparkling genius, and the fat man who tried to imitate him,

was inexpressibly ludicrous. Only the other day I was talking over this episode with some old House of Commons friends, and we all laughed as heartily as we did that evening in 1868, when we were on the sunny side of thirty.

The comparison made by Mr. Disraeli between Mr. White and Sheridan comes forcibly to my recollection when I compare Prince Bismarck with those who now direct the foreign policy of his country. They are as clumsy imitators of the first Chancellor of the German Empire as White was of Sheridan. The chief aim of the policy of Prince Bismarck was the isolation of France. To ensure this he took elaborate precautions to defeat any attempt to bring England and France together. I do not think he believed in the likelihood of a renewal of the relationship which existed between the Western Powers during the greater part of the reign of Louis Philippe and in the days of the second Empire. The irritation of France at the conduct of England in the year 1870, and the general contempt felt for this country all over Europe in consequence of the supposed acceptance by the nation of the leading doctrines regarding foreign policy, of which Mr. Gladstone was the prophet, seemed to him an insurmountable obstacle in its way. Nevertheless, he never lost an opportunity of making assurance doubly sure, and carefully avoided taking any step himself which would bring home to England and France the interests they had in common. He was, if possible, still more anxious to prevent an alliance between France and Russia. This he knew to be a pressing danger, and all the greater because England had apparently definitely withdrawn from

the European system. Even those Frenchmen who were most anxious for an *entente* with Great Britain were driven, in consequence, to desire an alliance with the Empire of the Tsars. Bismarck succeeded in preventing the conclusion of this alliance as long as he remained in power.

Bismarck was dismissed in March, 1890, and was replaced as Chancellor of the German Empire and Prime Minister of Prussia by General v. Caprivi de Caprera de Montecucculi. The new Chancellor was a soldier of the highest distinction, and full justice has hardly yet been done him for the splendid services he rendered to his King and country in the battles round Metz in August, 1870. On his accession to political office he revealed an extraordinary grasp of mind and statesman-like instincts in dealing with affairs. Under his guidance Germany was steadily gaining the goodwill of the Powers, and the Government of which he was the head was acquiring rapidly the confidence of the great body of the German people, when he was suddenly dismissed in October, 1894. Prince Hohenlohe was selected to succeed him, but the Kaiser became the complete master of the situation. No one ventured to contradict him.

The first manifest sign, though careful observers had noted many premonitory indications, that neither the genius of Bismarck nor the strong sense of Caprivi any longer directed the affairs of Germany was the famous Kruger telegram. We know, not from rumor, however well authenticated, but from the lips of the present Chancellor of the German Empire, in a speech delivered to the representatives of the German nation at Berlin, that the Kruger telegram was sent in order to see how far the Government of the Kaiser could count on the co-operation of other Powers in the event of its taking up a position of decided hostility

to England. Every well-informed man knows the effect it had upon the Powers. The unambiguous protest from Vienna was all the more remarkable because of the spirit of general subserviency to Germany which has prevailed in the Ballplatz since the fall of the Hohenwart Ministry in 1871. The unresponsiveness of France was not less decisive, and considering the relations between that country and England at the time, almost more significant.

The effect on England was far-reaching. The people became convinced of the enmity of Germany, and this conviction was then firmly implanted in the national mind, though no doubt greatly strengthened by the virulence of the German Press during the South African War, and driven thoroughly home by the offensive speeches of the present Chancellor of the German Empire.

The result has been that England has renounced sooner than perhaps she would otherwise have done the perilous doctrine that she had no concern in Continental affairs. She realizes that an Empire such as belongs to her cannot be maintained in a position of isolation. She perceives that her interests and her duty alike command her to endeavor to restore on a solid basis the European system, and that in view of the ultimate aims of German ambition, prudence demands that she should keep her arms bright and her powder dry. From every point of view that Kruger telegram was a most fortunate event for Great Britain. As far back as 1884 I know for certain that Prince Bismarck was encouraging in various ways the Boers to resist the progress of British power in South Africa. But it is impossible to imagine that he would have countenanced the Kruger telegram without knowing exactly beforehand the attitude which all the neighboring

Powers would take up when it was published.

Another result which followed the dismissal of Prince Bismarck was the Franco-Russian Alliance, which he was so anxious to prevent. What ultimately may be the result of that Alliance is a question of the future. The object of French statesmen in concluding it was to maintain the balance of power on the Continent of Europe. Russia, however, instead of playing the part which France desired, and which her own interests seemed to dictate, has wasted her resources, damaged her prestige, and used French credit and French millions in a policy of adventure in Eastern Asia. This conduct has practically deprived France of some of the main advantages for the sake of which she concluded the Alliance. She can gain nothing from the prosecution of the undertakings of her ally in Eastern Asia. She perceives, at the same time, the steady change in the mind of this country as regards international affairs. In these circumstances she has naturally recurred to the idea of entering into cordial relations with England, which has been the policy of all her great statesmen, without one single exception, since the Restoration in 1815. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance, although at first it was looked upon askance by many leading Frenchmen, tends to strengthen this movement. It is an indication that England is about to abandon the disastrous policy of *laissez-faire*. The terms of a new and more far-reaching alliance might, moreover, be framed in such a manner as would be useful to French interests in Indo-China. The view I have long held, that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance may go far to remove ultimately the suspicions and apprehensions which constituted a barrier against a comprehensive arrangement between Russia and Great Britain is becoming more generally accepted.

The present situation shows a decided tendency on the part of the European Powers to group round England. If our foreign policy is conducted with ordinary nerve and perspicacity this movement will become more decided. It is a most natural one, for England is the only nation which does not desire an acquisition of territory in Europe. Even Austria is not without ambitions in the Balkan peninsula.

The foreign policy of the Government at Berlin should always be studied in connection with the internal condition of Germany. One of the governing factors of the situation is the steadily increasing power of the so-called Social Democratic Party. It must be borne in mind that for a very long time past this party has ceased to contemplate any open revolt. It now stands with three million voters at the head of the polls as the most powerful party, numerically, in the German Empire. But it has grown at the same time to an importance far exceeding even that of numbers. It has gathered into its folds all those whose sentiments and judgment rebel against the present *régime*, and these include many recruits drawn from various classes, from official circles and even from the Army. The sympathy for the Social Democratic Party in the Army is becoming daily more widespread. The persistently brutal treatment of soldiers, especially in Northern Germany, gives it strength. Moreover, the doctrines of the Social Democratic Party are held to a greater extent than many are at all aware of among non-commissioned officers. The general and increasing discontent is heavily swelling its numbers. The result is that the leaders of the party are becoming more alive to a sense of responsibility and careful not to overstep the bounds of legality. They are now working steadily to revolutionize the mind of the country. Their meth-

ods have altered with time. The Social Democratic Party has in consequence developed from a small uncompromising sect into a great political party aiming at the possession of power. Just as during the Thirty Years' War with every year that passed the religious question fell more into the background till at last it was entirely forgotten in the camps of the contending armies, so at present in Germany the abstract economic doctrines of the Social Democrats are giving way to political opportunism. The party, however, is essentially Republican. Its progress is largely due to Prussian policy. The annexations which followed the war of 1866 weakened Monarchical sentiment. The persistent policy of undermining the loyalty of the people to the German dynasties strengthened Republican tendencies. Hanoverians attached to their ancient House, when they perceive its restoration out of the question, do not become as a rule loyal to the Hohenzollern, but turn their eyes in a Republican direction. Similarly in Bavaria all attempts to weaken the consideration for the illustrious House of Wittelsbach benefit not the German Emperor but the Republican Party. What has taken place in Germany since 1866 was foreseen at the time by King George V. of Hanover. That Prince united to a chivalrous character and a prodigious memory a penetrating insight into political affairs. In the month of August, 1869, he received in audience, at Gmunden, Hansen, the well-known Dane. Hansen gives the account of his conversation with the king in his valuable work, *Les Couloirs de la Diplomatie*. King George said that he thought the Hohenzollerns were mistaken in thinking that they could reign for any long period over a united Germany. He stated that in his opinion their military power would enable them to acquire supremacy for a time. The German Empire

was not then formed, but the King held that the North German Confederation would be extended so as to include Baden, Wurtemberg and Bavaria, and after an interval would absorb the German provinces of the Austrian Empire. The King went on to state his conviction that when that time arrived the German revolution would be at hand and that a new federal arrangement would be made, based on a union of Republican States. This conversation took place, it should be remembered, before the formation of the present German Empire, and the prophecy of the King of Hanover has been largely fulfilled. Whether the last portion of it will come to pass is a secret of the future. What is certain is that the steady increase in the revolutionary spirit and the sullen discontent generally prevailing must give the Kaiser and his advisers anxious hours. Bismarck met a more or less similar situation by foreign war.

Some time before the fall of Prince Bismarck the foreign policy of the German Empire began to be influenced by the German colonial movement. Many Germans considered colonial expansion necessary for the future of their country. I do not believe that Prince Bismarck held this view. He certainly very often in conversation with English diplomatists ridiculed the champions of a German Empire beyond the seas. This would not of itself be at all conclusive. The expressions of Bismarck in conversation were not to be taken too seriously, but he was a man of whom it could not be said that he ever tried to take the second step before he took the first, as Frederick the Great maintained was the constant endeavor of Joseph II. The constitution of Bismarck's mind would naturally lead him to make use of the circumstances which would favor the practical absorption of Holland into the German Empire. After that he might

even have deemed it advisable to look, undeterred by the Monroe doctrine, to the establishment of a German Empire in South America. However that may be, the Colonial Party in Germany succeeded in his time in starting their policy in Africa.

The idea of German settlements in Africa is by no means new. It originated in the mind of one of the most remarkable princes of the modern world, who was the real founder of the present Prussian State and is known in history as "The Great Elector." In the year 1681 he founded the Brandenburg African Company. Two years later, in 1683, a station was built near Cape Three Points on the West Coast of Africa, and called "Gross Friedrichsburg." Expeditions were sent into the interior of the country, and there was a fairly brisk trade between Prussia and West Africa. The Great Elector died, as we all know, in 1688, and his son, King Frederick I., and after him Frederick William I., were prevented by circumstances at home from following his lead, and about 1720 the Prussian flag disappeared from the West African coast.

When the colonizing zeal began in Germany it was perhaps only natural that this West African episode should be remembered and that Germany should turn her attention towards the Dark Continent. Since the formation of the German Empire Germany has acquired some 900,000 square miles in South Africa. The result of this acquisition has not been altogether as satisfactory as was hoped, but many Germans consider that its comparative failure may be largely attributed to want of vigor in developing it. Some ten years ago there was a good deal of talk in diplomatic circles in Berlin about the seizure by Germany of Mogador, a seaport on the south-west coast of Morocco, about 130 miles from Marakesh, perhaps better known as

the City of Morocco, the southern capital of the Sultan, and hitherto the residence of the reigning potentate. That leading personages in Berlin entertained the idea is quite certain. It was held that the acquisition of Mogador would enable Germany to establish a naval base and acquire a position on the Atlantic. The climate is said to be salubrious, temperate and dry, and it would seem a suitable spot for a naval station. The most important part of the town appears to have been built by Cornut, a distinguished French engineer, about the year 1760. The total trade of the place is about half a million, and about three-fourths of it is English. The possibility of destroying this English trade would not make the acquisition of Mogador less popular in Germany. Above all, any European Power installed at Mogador, within easy striking distance of the City of Morocco, would naturally acquire a commanding influence over the Sultan. This design on Mogador was kept quiet and was not spoken about in that portion of the European Press directed by the Foreign Office at Berlin. Then it passed, at least temporarily, into the background. The German Government was occupied in introducing the "mailed fist" into Eastern Asia. Perhaps also it was thought that the seizure of Kiau Chau might be repeated at any moment in West Africa. This, however, has been now rendered difficult or impossible so long as the relations between France and England continue as they are.

The arrangement entered into between England and France with regard to Morocco came on the German public and on the German Government as a great surprise. The possibility of an understanding of a comprehensive nature between England and France was ridiculed throughout Germany. English people would be quite astonished at the ignorance regarding this

country which prevails in that country. Men like Döllinger, Pauli, Ranke have no successors. The better class of German now gets his notions of England from writers like Treitschke or Bernhardi, and if he has visited London, from the superfluous persons he may come across in society. The ordinary German derives his ideas of England from his newspaper. In Germany a journal hardly exists which represents independent thought. The Social Democratic organ *Vorwärts* is an exception. This journal is honestly conducted in the interests of the party it represents. The *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, a Catholic newspaper with a large circulation on the Rhine and in Central Germany, is also independent, and so are one or two other newspapers less widely read. They have almost no influence on the mind of the nation. The Foreign Office at Berlin and the great Jewish financiers by means of the Press manipulate public opinion in their own interests. Speaking generally, also, no German gentleman would write in a German daily paper. During the Crimean War there was a newspaper at Berlin called the *Preussisches Wochenblatt*, to which gentlemen contributed, but that state of things has entirely passed away, and the notion of an independent newspaper is so inconceivable to Germans that it is almost impossible to convince even a well-informed man that almost all important journals in London are not practically controlled from Downing Street, or that leading articles in our great papers are not written in financial interests. This want of knowledge of England was the reason why the German nation did not perceive the strong resistless tide, "too full for sound and foam," which was bearing England away from the inane and selfish policy of splendid isolation. The Japanese Alliance did not appear to them to indicate a real change in the

policy of England. Many foreigners in London imagined that it was merely concluded to enable England to maintain a smaller number of battleships in Eastern seas. They were the same class of people who at the outbreak of the war were confident that Russia would have an easy victory over Japan. They were convinced that Japan would be soon overwhelmed by financial difficulties and that England would ultimately abandon her ally. These people largely influenced the Stock Exchanges at Paris, Vienna, Frankfurt and Berlin, and they scouted the idea that an understanding could be arrived at between France and England. The Berlin Government took the same view, and hence, when the agreement about Morocco was published, the astonishment was great and the annoyance still greater. It became no longer possible entirely to conceal from the German people the position in which the conduct of affairs by the Government of Berlin had placed their country. Intelligent persons perceived that the international position was unsatisfactory, and notwithstanding elaborate misrepresentations and histrionic devices this conviction spread. It was plainly necessary to consider the situation. The first step, manifestly, to be taken was to endeavor to produce an unpleasant feeling between England and France. The word went out to the various newspapers influenced by the Berlin Foreign Office to attack France with varied and calculated degrees of violence. Then the journey of the Kaiser to Tangier was announced. In their usual ignorance of the spirit of the English people the Berlin Government hoped that England would manifest unwillingness to stand by France. The general conduct of some English politicians during the Boer War and a few speeches of unhappy memory made by them gave rise to the hope that some such indiscreet utter-

ances and perhaps even some timid replies by Ministers might produce an impression on France which would result in an outbreak of French indignation against England. The Germans could not understand that conduct on the part of any political English party which would seem to favor Germany or tend to an abandonment of France in present circumstances would have the sure and certain consequence of excluding that party for an indefinite period from any chance of being charged with the responsibility for affairs of State. The visit of the Kaiser to Tangier, the general report of the language he held there, and the attitude of his diplomatists in various parts of the world, instead of weakening has greatly strengthened the cordial relations between England and France. When this became clear another move was made for the purpose of injuring the Anglo-French understanding. Some of the German newspapers directed by the Press Bureau of the Foreign Office used at first most violent language against France, and talked of the advance into that country of an army from Metz. More recently the same class of newspaper, particularly the Swiss papers inspired from Berlin, urged France to throw over England and come to terms with Germany. In connection with this a systematic attack has been made upon M. Delcassé, by far the most successful Foreign Minister who has conducted French affairs since the Duke de Broglie and the Duke Decazes. M. Delcassé has secured to a remarkable extent the confidence of foreign Powers in the French Republic. This is recognized everywhere except in Germany. Germans endeavor to persuade Frenchmen that it was great folly on his part to have concluded the recent arrangement with England. This view will hardly find more acceptance than the very opposite one which has been

insinuated to us, that it would have been in the true interest of England to have made an arrangement with Germany regarding Africa and left France alone. Such an arrangement would no doubt have permitted the "Admiral of the Atlantic" to seize Mogador. It is hardly likely that this attack on M. Delcassé will succeed, but should it do so it would be one of the greatest misfortunes for French diplomacy that has happened since the fall of M. Drouyn de Lhuys in 1866. It seems also as if the efforts to excite friction between France and Spain had been equally unsuccessful. The days when MM. Bernhardi, Lothar Bucher, and Major v. Versen, directed by the master mind of Bismarck, could influence politicians in Madrid are over. It would also appear that in Italy there is no desire to listen to the counsels from Berlin or to drift into antagonism towards the Western Powers. In the United States Germany has not been more fortunate. The Government of Washington has not responded to the German proposals as regards Morocco. The attempt made to prevent the renewal and extension of the alliance between England and Japan is also not likely to be successful. It is hardly to be expected that the Japanese will forsake England for Germany, a Power which has done its utmost to raise the spectre of the yellow peril and which, up to the time of the Japanese victories, was notoriously and persistently hostile. It is amusing to compare these crude proceedings with the methods of Bismarck. The note of German diplomacy is now want of finish. It is as clumsy in its way as White's Imitation of Sheridan.

The attitude of the Western Powers is clear. It is in their plain interests to stand firmly together. If they do so it is almost impossible to imagine that the Kaiser will take the responsibility of forcing on a European war. Most

persons will agree that such conduct might precipitate the formation of a new Germany on the lines indicated by King George V., and in which the House of Hohenzollern would find no place. At the same time ordinary prudence demands that the Western Powers should consider the possibility of a raid upon France. We all know that such an attack has been contemplated twice since the formation of the German Empire. Queen Victoria interfered in both instances, but on one occasion it is fairly sure that France would have been attacked had it not been for the peremptory prohibition of Russia. That Power is crippled by the war into which she has entered, incited by German advice against the friendly counsels of Great Britain. It is believed generally in Germany that England will not take up arms to assist France against aggression, and that France would not be able to resist a swift and steady blow. Moreover, it is held that France, at the last moment, unable to count on England, would agree to any terms rather than face the arbitrament of war. It should

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also be remembered that the desire to imitate Bismarck in conjuring away internal difficulties by foreign quarrels may drive the German Government into a course which, in spite of themselves, might make war suddenly inevitable. The war of 1866, for instance, was hurried on for the purpose of overcoming internal troubles. Its success resulted in establishing firmly the Government of King William I., which before its outbreak was considered tottering, and compared to that of Charles X. on the eve of the July Revolution. The surest way to prevent international trouble is the steady adherence of France and England to the arrangement which has been concluded between them and the maintenance on both sides of a strict neutrality, subject to treaty engagements, during the course of the present war in the Far East. On those conditions it should be thoroughly well understood that any gratuitous attack on France will not be tolerated by England, and that in the event of war France will not stand alone.

Rowland Blennerhassett.

MUSIC TO THE UNMUSICAL.

It is possible to be unmusical and yet to love music; indeed, it is more than possible, it is very common. To be musical in any proper sense of the word a man (or woman) must have a true ear, a fair musical memory, and some critical faculty. That is, he must be able to exercise sufficient discrimination to enable him to conceive judgments and convictions concerning composers and executants so far as his musical experience, be it wide or narrow, will carry him. His judgments may be of no value to the world and his convictions erroneous, but if to

himself they are clear and instructive, then to a greater or less degree he is a conscious musician. But Music has charms wherewith to enchant the listener who has none of these gifts, whose ear is defective, who has little memory, and who is nothing of a critic. The unmusical lover of Music loves her always and everywhere, delighting in her for better, for worse. This is his only advantage over the true musician, who knows something which he can never know, has heard a secret which he may never guess, but who must pay for his fine perception by a not occa-

sional pain. The voice of his mistress at her worst distresses him to the verge of desperation; while to the other if she speak at all she speaks to enchant. There is no sin about this susceptibility, yet few educated people will confess to it. They think it marks an artistic want. Take the question of street-music. We do not mean barrel-organs. To enjoy a barrel-organ one must be very young, or have heard very few other instruments. Only the nerves of children or of those who do not work with their brains can stand the rapid, and apparently unending, series of repetitive thuds amongst which wandering reminiscences of comic operas are rendered well-nigh undecipherable. But crowds of those who profess delight in hearing a band at a garden party or in the gardens of a foreign *Kurhaus* express distaste to the sound of a German band in the street, even when the latter is playing quite in tune. The present writer has sometimes been tempted to imagine that a great many of these professing critics enjoy both very much, and a great many more do not enjoy either in the least,—for there exists, no doubt, a large class with whom this article has nothing to do, for whom all music is a matter of pure indifference. Speaking, however, for the ungifted majority who yet are not wanting in a sense, how many of us have trudged along a dusty pavement, turned suddenly into a street where a band was playing some familiar music, and suddenly forgotten that we were tired, that it was hard work to keep a hat on against the wind, that we had several things to carry and more to remember and worry about, and walked lightly to the tune till it was once more drowned in the traffic, and then gone on with it in our heads to the cheering of another few minutes? Or who has not opened the window early on a spring morning in London and looked out into the

somewhat opaque sunshine, smelt the wall-flowers in the window-boxes, and listened with a real, even if a sentimental, pleasure to the strains of a distant band? *Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten Dass ich so traurig bin*, say the notes of the German folk-song, and Melody with her favorite spell of association brings before our minds the face of a former singer, a former listener, a former self.

Church music forms perhaps the greater part of the scant store treasured in the shallow receptacle of an unmusical man's memory. As a rule it was the only music of his childhood. A child who is slow at picking up tunes is regarded by his parents and guardians as having no taste for music, and what he hears in church is all that he hears sufficiently often completely to recollect. For such a one religious music will probably always remain the greatest of all. It is interwoven with his first appreciation of fine words, with his first grasp of the things of the spirit. It is bound to his heart by what Mr. Kipling calls "the threefold cord of memory, use, and love." It is not easy to go through the whole "Te Deum" in one's mind without humming some accustom'd chant, and it is not too much to say that the airs of the "Elijah" and the "Messiah" are literally part of many men's religion.

Martial music, and in the same category dance music, also delight the unmusical, to whom the satisfaction of absolute rhythm and time gives something of the sense of absolute rightness that is conveyed by verse of perfect sound and scansion. A marked cadence appeals to an untrained ear. So we suppose music began. Does not legend relate how Jubal, "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ," received his first inspiration from the resonant hammer of Tubal Cain? But, it may be said, all this is a matter of melody. A love of melody is almost

as natural, though not so universal, as a love of flowers. What of the music in which melody plays a lesser part? Can this delight the unmusical? The crowds who fill the Queen's Hall on Sunday afternoons are a sufficient answer to that question. Such numbers of musically gifted persons could not be brought together week after week, at any rate not in this country; yet the audience is not largely composed of those who go for the sake of fashion, nor entirely of those to whom a small sum of money is a matter of indifference. The mass of the audience are unmusical, but it is easy to see that they are not unmoved by the music. The wiser spirits among them—those, that is, who have discovered and humbly acquiesced in their own limitations—do not study descriptive programmes, or make any determined attempt to understand—there is no such thing for the unmusical as understanding—neither do they distress their minds with questionings as to the musical rank of the composition to which they are listening, or the perfection of its execution. Such considerations they leave for their artistic betters. They simply sit down and wait, following meanwhile their own thoughts, for that delightful moment, which must come sooner or later, when the music will seem suddenly to call them. Music (apart from the associations of song) does not speak, at least to such as these, in definite words. She calls them from desultory cares, desultory dreams, desultory imaginings, pleasant or painful, to a delightful and wholly effortless attention. When once the call has been heard the soul of the listener is carried along upon the wings of sound

The Spectator.

a prey to emotions of a nature which music alone can produce. They are in some sense primeval, such perhaps as a poet might have imagined in the days of man's innocence. Sadness enthralls them untainted by regret or remorse. A formless pleasure floods the imagination, unshadowed by the fear of its swift passage, unspolled by any after sense of expenditure. Musical visualization—the calling up of mental pictures—is, we believe, rare among unmusical people, for whom as a rule music, divorced from association, suggests no similitude, nor any message which can be carried away. For them the baleful effects of the more sensuous kinds of music about which the musical speak sometimes with regret are incomprehensible. For the unmusical music may excite religious emotion, and thus far become tinged with morality; but apart from religious association it cannot be said to enter the realm of morals at all. In its more illustrative forms even the unmusical man may feel the joy of the tireless chase, the delight of a guiltless lawlessness, the satisfaction of an inevitable solution; but what he has pursued, from what shackles he has broken loose, and to what question he has found an answer he does not know. When the music stops and he goes out into the street, he takes away with him absolutely nothing. He only knows that he has experienced a time of recreation, a strange rest from life, with its recurrent efforts and its constant restraints. Unlike all other forms of rest, its recuperative power has not lain in the soothing and dulling of the perceptions, but in their passing quickening and enhancement.

THE BEGINNINGS OF TOLSTOY.*

One cannot but feel some terror in cutting the pages of a new translation of Tolstoy. The cheering hope of a fresh and closer impression of this great messenger of the Infinite is clouded by recollections of underpaid English and strange, enthusiast barbarisms of vocabulary through which, many years ago, we gnawed to our first acquaintance with Russian writers. Yet perhaps Tolstoy suffered less than some others. The form and print of Messrs. Dent's edition promise agreeably and should satisfy for the present the demand for a complete popular text. Professor Leo Wiener, of Harvard, is responsible for the translation, and, though we shall still desire to possess Tolstoy in our own Cisatlantic vernacular (Mrs. Garnett and Mr. Aylmer Maude in their several editions have broken the back of the work), we may warmly congratulate the editor on his rendering, which reads easily and is, for the most part, convincing, though it beats us at times by a purely indigenous expression. "I flunked" is even more esoteric. It must, I think, be "fair" Harvard.

Here, then, is Tolstoy's work in its order of date—eight volumes, from the small-beer chronicle of *Childhood* to the great ocean-currents of *War and Peace*. Returning to these beginnings—delighting myself again with *The Cossacks* after so many years—my own newest impression holds an element of surprise that Tolstoy should have been able so far to persuade himself and us that the prophet of our day is really a different man from the novelist-soldiersquire of fifty years ago. He had to find himself, doubtless. The finding appeared to him as the change he then

recorded in his *Confession*; but the Tolstoy that he discovered is discernibly here from the outset, and in his inmost soul is the secret of the power of all this work.

I think I delight especially in *The Cossacks* (1852) because it was my own introduction to Tolstoy, and thus the vivid succulence, as of spring herbs, of this offthrow of his twenty-fourth year has a double freshness for me. What a document! Not a second-hand syllable in it. All seen and felt and alive, and made intimately personal to the reader, with a magic of little scenes that cling in him as beheld and experienced. Olenin, the civilized subaltern, sceptic and sentimentalist, finds reality and the secret of wholesome life with the full-blooded old hunter Eroshka, the swaggering Cossack frontiersman and his sweetheart. Then comes, under the disdainful witchery of this clean, strong, wayward creature, the inevitable discovery of the Bothie of Tober na Vuolich, and the world is again transmuted for him. Life is here! he cries; not in the cities. And it is so, but the life is not for him. Thus early his kingdom, plainly, is not of this world. Maryanka's love, had he won it, the return to Nature, had he attempted it, the animal life at its finest were as external for him as the life of the world he had fled from. Experience has but carried deeper the riddle that he brought with him. The vividness of *The Cossacks* illuminates for us the psychical matrix of the sentimental journals of the civilized man. *Childhood*, *Boyhood*, *Youth* are quasi-"Confessions"; the memoirs of Nekhludoff continue these pictures. A certain flatness and sameness oppresses us in most Russian stories of well-to-do (or shabby-genteel) people.

* "Tolstoy:" Complete works. London: Dent and Co. 3s. 6d. per volume.

All families are of one social type—the self-owning, landed class, living emptily and frivolously at Petersburg or Moscow, or rustivating tediously in vast country mansions amid a primitive household and slovenly, distrustful peasants. The contrasts and interplay of social and professional variety are absent. All the more do the subtleties and vagaries of the individual personality arrest Tolstoy; the more are we made partakers in that profound and ever-vigilant sensibility upon which all spiritual and formal idiosyncrasies imprint themselves with such stinging precision. It is in this capacity for perception that the vastness of Tolstoy lays hold on us; and back of it (as our translator would say) is that great seeing spirit that is the Tolstoy of later days. But this is a spiritual seer: the artist is a seer still clothed in flesh and nerves and reacting creatively to feeling. When Tolstoy the artist passed from the drabness and parasitism of genteel Russian circles to the dazzling virgin majesty of the Caucasus rampart, the crisp aromatic naturalism of the Cossack village, his art reacted instantly to the stimulus of naked reality. The later written parts of the sentimental autobiography seem a relapse into flatness. But definiteness of feeling and positive upspringing of conviction aggressive against the artificial society quickly assert themselves. *Lucerne* (1857) is as trenchant and dumbfounding a sermon in the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth as anything that Tolstoy has ever written. *Linon-Measurer*—the story of a broken-down horse—is full of the modern Tolstoy. The kindly disillusioning exercise of *Domestic Happiness* holds implicit the merciless *Kreutzer Sonata*. And constantly in the shorter stories and essays that spirit flashes through that was finally to take form as the man we now know.

That could not, however, be until his

genius had gathered indignation and power and mastery. In *War and Peace* the mastery is declared. The delicate impressionability is no longer the cause of the writing; it is an instrument to the will of the writer, the servant of the spiritual sight. In this enormous book, with poignant beauty everywhere discerned "under the measureless grossness and the slag," two men in especial embody themselves, unprecise in outline, massive, dominating, symbolic, unexhausted as Rodin's sculpture—Kutusof, the Russian of a century since at war; Pierre Bezuhof, the cultured Russian of peace. Kutusof, whom I had supposed obsolete, has a pale but recognizable avatar in Kuropatkin's strategy in Manchuria: that general's telegram explaining why he was driven from Mukden is pure Kutusof. The other figure, Pierre, is a piece of work not paralleled, within my reading, in literature. The book had to be so vast to give depth for him. It would not have been possible to convince of him by making him, in a slighter setting conspicuous. His significance is worked down to from the surface of the action of the tale. He moves, a lymphatic mooncalf, a rich man's bastard, unpolished, adrift on turgid humanitarian impulses, reciting Republican formulas, picked up, undigested, in Paris, incapable of self-control, debauched, an easy prey to the matchmaker, to the swindling stewards of his properties, a figure at first rather less sympathetic than even the average in that tiresome social class of which I have spoken, with nothing but love affairs and luxury to employ them. (In peace that is. In war they show different. In the small simplified world of a regiment in the field it is possible for the most futile of social failures to be a "perfect man.") Then, suddenly, we begin to guess what Tolstoy is doing with us. There are glints under the surface as of a

fish turning scales in the depths to the sunlight. And we realize that this lout (Tolstoy spares him no imbecility in his nonage) is the deepest and most typical human soul in the book, and means more to Tolstoy than even the wonderfully discerned and characterized Bolkonski family—more even than the exquisite Natasha, once Andrey Bolkonski's betrothed and later Pierre's own wife.

To Andrey Tolstoy reveals his secret of Death—and no death scene more true or more wonderfully balanced has been written than the chapter of his dying experience:

He evidently apprehended matters of life with difficulty . . . not because he was deprived of the power of understanding, but because he understood something different, something the living did not and could not understand, and which absorbed all his attention. . . . They cannot understand that all the feelings which they value so much—all, all our thoughts which seem so important to us—are *not necessary*. . . . That threatening, eternal, unknown, and remote something, the presence of which he had always felt, was now near to him, and, because of that strange ease of existence which he experienced was almost comprehensible and palpable to him.

No array of words can say how much he is at peace about death. But to Pierre, made receptive by the illumination of his sudden love for Natasha, in the moment of her shame and abasement at her betrayal of Andrey, beguiled by his friend, Tolstoy reveals his secret of life and power, and in doing so seems to challenge us—"If ye believe not me, believe the works; out of this I have written this book"—and the challenge is unanswerable. In the school of his arrest in the sack of Moscow, while helping a child and a woman; in his purely accidental escape from court-martial justice, mechanically slaughtering haphazard sus-

pects; in the hideous automatism that function at the tap of a drum; in his barefoot pilgrimage as a prisoner with the French, his comradeship with the eternally lovable Russian soldier-peasant ("He had learnt that God was greater, more infinite, and more incomprehensible in Karataev than in what the Freemasons had called The Architect of the Universe"); in his return to find himself richer with a third of his fortune than he had ever been before.

Formerly he had seemed to be a good but unhappy man, and so people instinctively kept away from him. Now a smile of the joy of life constantly played about his lips and in his eyes beamed sympathy, and people felt at their ease in his presence.

He had discovered

The possibility for each one to think, feel, and look at things in his own way, and the impossibility of dissuading a man with words.

("I and mine do not convince by arguments, metaphors, tropes: I and mine convince by ourselves," as Whitman puts it.)

Thus losing he finds himself. There is nothing arresting, nothing brilliant in Pierre. He is engendered nebulously in the depths of the book, diffused but massive, compact, in his essence, of the softest and most pervasive thing in the world, responsive human kindness and brotherliness; the treasure that the Russian and perhaps the Negro race seem to hold more than others in trust for a wiser humanity, reminding us of the entrancing baby softness we knew in Sergius Stepniak, strongest and kindest of men.

I notice that whilst throughout these earlier writings I constantly am aware of the contemporary Tolstoy in passages where he is writing simply as artist, embodying in imagined form the

promptings of his intimate sensibility, this identity is less clear in his argued passages, such as the essay on the philosophy of history and the theory of war, in *War and Peace*. The comparatively unconvincing impression which these dissertations leave seems to me significant. Tolstoy as theorist really had not then come clearly to apprehend what it was he was meaning as artist. That inner kingdom that he finally preaches—that Olenin divined in the Caucasus—to this belongs his spirit from the first. Extraordinary artist as he was, he was never other than moralist; his spirit, clad in sense, breaks ground with disquieted apprehension. The shrouded genius does not at first set itself up in criticism; it records, suffering a little in all its excitement of vision. Getting assurance, growing to conscious will, it protests; seeks to mend the forms of the world through action, the thoughts of

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the world through Art. Reaching mastery, in *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*, it passes from protest against the actual to assertion of the spiritual laws of life, and finally that which was, in its exquisite fineness, most sensitive and retiring in the young artist takes its place in the preacher as the strongest and most dominant guide of doctrine. The receptive, impressionable, passive, almost negative spirit, withdrawing its own personality and preconceptions, recording impacts without reasoned selection, this is characteristic of Russia in letters. In Tolstoy, now that the rugged passional force of the man has come to subject itself wholly to the spiritual inspiration, it forces the civilized world to give ear to his outpourings as prophet as masterfully as it forced his earlier audience to acclaim him as Artist.

Sydney Olivier.

A BOOK OF TONGUES.

"The Lord's Prayer in Five Hundred Languages," lately published by Messrs. Gilbert and Rivington, does not, at the first glance, promise much to the casual reader. But the man who dips into it is doomed. Its fascinations are such that it cannot be laid down. The languages that one cannot "make head or tail of" at first, are hardly less interesting on investigation than those which one easily puzzles out; and hardly a page is without some entrancing discovery, redolent of lost history, leaping, illuminative, out of the dark backward and abysm of time. A word-for-word rendering of the Chinese dialect airily described as "Easy Wenli" (the character is ideographic Chinese) gives some idea of the tasks which missionaries have to grapple with. "Our Father in Heaven he, wish Thy name

perfectly holy: Thy dominion rule-come-to, Thy will received-done in earth as in heaven truly. Grant us to-day the day what use food: forgive our sin-debts, as we forgive sin-debts against us those so. Not lead us enter seducing temptation, but save us out of evil-wickedness. For kingdom the, power the, glory the all belong to Thee, in age-age indeed. Heart wishes exactly so." Hardly less interesting are the barbarous dialects called Dutch- and Mauritius-Creole. The latter, a sort of pigeon-French, something like the horrible *petit nègre* of Cochin China, begins thus: "Nou Papa, Ki dan le ciel, fair Ki vou nom li sanctifié. Ki vou réin vini. Fair ça Ki vou viê, laho la ter, comman dan lé ciel."

Perhaps the most curious facts which one alights upon are those connected

with the kinship of languages, where the same word occurs in a number of different versions. The familiar "báp" (father) of Hindustani turns up in all sorts of forms and in unexpected places, as "bap" in the Romansch of the Engadine, "bab" in Grisons, "papa" in the Caroline Islands, "babbu" in Corsican and several dialects of Sardinia, "bapa" in Malay, "babath" in Kabyle, "papah" in a language of West Africa, "baba" in Matabele and in two or three languages of Eastern Equatorial Africa! The repeated appearance of a double labial in the word for "Father" (which in some African languages is actually "mama") suggests the idea that infantile speech has fixed the name independently in many languages which, so far as we know, could not possibly have borrowed from one another. A certain added tenderness is thus given to the sublime opening Invocation. In Guiana the translator seems to have shirked a difficulty: the opening word is "Jehovah," which, whatever it may or may not mean, certainly is not a translation of "Our Father." Elsewhere it seems likely that the unedifying associations of the Muhammadan heaven have been purposely evaded, for Urdu (Muhammadan Hindustani) the word is rendered "ásmán." Now "ásmán" means simply "sky": the word for heaven is "bíhisht," which is actually employed in the Baluchi rendering. In Hindi, the word used is (correctly) "svarg." In all these "name" is rendered (with different accents, all importing a long vowel) "nam." How far afield we have to travel for the origin of "nomen" therefore! But even more remarkable are the Welsh "sancteiddier" and Magyar "szenteltessek" for "hallowed."

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Welsh is certainly older than the Roman occupation of Britain: yet "sancteiddier"—the only comprehensible word in the specimen of that difficult tongue—is clearly the Latin "sanctus." But what is the relation between "sanctus" and the Magyar word? Is either derived from other, or is the likeness mere accident? It would be remarkable if there were no accidental resemblances. In Awari, a language of the Caucasus, the word seems to be "hallal"; but Professor Skeat does not carry "hallow" and "holy" farther back than Goth. "heilag." A still more mysterious coincidence is the Gitano (Spanish Gipsy) "bastardo" for "evil." Lexicographers, following Webster, derive "bastard" from O.F. "bast" (pack-saddle). Is the Gipsy word a mere reflex, or have we here a discovery? The accepted derivation, *bast fils-de-bast*, may have literary support, which of course would settle the matter: but it is not on the face of it convincing.

The Lord's Prayer has almost from time immemorial been employed, in glottological collections, as the specimen passage. In a learned preface to Messrs. Gilbert and Rivington's volume, Dr. Reinhold Rost mentions Conrad Gessner (1555), Chamberlayne (1715), Adelung ("Mithridates," Berlin, 1808-17), and A. Auer ("Sprachenhalle," Vienna, 1844-47) as having thus employed the greatest of all prayers. The last-named work contained 200 versions. But nothing to approach the present collection, either in copiousness or interest, has ever been published; and so far from being a mere technical handbook for experts it is, as above indicated, a most fascinating work for any reader.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

There is adventure enough in Roger Pocock's new story, "Curly, A Tale of the Arizona Desert," some good descriptive writing, and a little genuine humor. But the general effect is slangy and sensational. Blue-pencilling would have improved the book, but, with a band of cattle-thieves and train-robbers for its heroes, it would still have been of doubtful quality. Bret Harte's faults need Bret Harte's talent. Little, Brown & Co.

A new anthology of Australasian verse is being compiled by Mr. A. G. Stephens, and will be published in Sydney and London. There seems to have been no "slump in poetry" in Australia. The country has a long list of poets, Lawson, Paterson, Ogilvie, Barcroft Boake, Victor Daley, Bernard O'Dowd, Lindsay Gordon; and their works sell, not by the hundred, as do those of most living poets in England, but by the thousand—to be read not only in drawing-rooms and libraries, but by swagmen's camp-fires and in shearers' huts.

One of the most delightful books of the season is Mary Austin's "Isidro." A story of Southern California in the days of the Franciscan missions, its hero is the second son of a noble Spanish family, destined for the Church, and the adventures which meet him as he rides forth light-hearted to seek the Father President at Monterey, make up a narrative in which sport, chivalry and romance are charmingly blended. Isidro himself is an uncommonly attractive character; the several padres stand out with marked distinctness; even the Mexicans and half-breeds have individualities of their own. The incidents succeed each other

rapidly, but never in a way to overtax the credulity or offend the taste, and they are balanced by the psychological interest which the plot unfolds, as well as by an artistic disposition of comment and descriptive writing. Unlike most current fiction, this story has that rare quality—atmosphere. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Sidney McCall, whose first book, "Truth Dexter," achieved such a popular success, has done some very striking work in his new novel, "The Breath of the Gods." The story opens in Washington, with the beautiful and audacious daughter of a Western Senator, and her dearest school friend, a young Japanese girl of rank, for companion heroines, and the romances of the two promise to be of equal interest. But when Senator Todd is appointed Minister to Japan and Yuki Onda returns with his party to her parents, Gwendolen's penchant for one of the Secretaries of Legation serves merely as the touch of comedy to relieve the tragic course run by Yuki's love for a young French attaché whose strain of Russian blood makes him peculiarly odious to her family. The arrival in Tokio is almost coincident with the outbreak of hostilities between Russia and Japan, and from this point on public and private affairs are intermingled in a plot of vivid and intense interest. The descriptions of Japanese life as seen in Yuki's home are charming, and her own character from the initial struggle between the old loyalty and the new, is finely conceived and executed. Prince Hagané, the Minister of War, is a grim and commanding figure. Little, Brown & Co.

THE SCOTT MONUMENT, PRINCES
STREET, EDINBURGH.

Here sits he throned, where men and
gods behold

His domelike brow—a good man simply
great;

Here in this highway proud, that
arrow-straight

Cleaves at one stroke the new world
from the old.

On this side, Commerce, Fashion, Progress,
Gold;

On that, the Castle Hill the Canon-
gate,

A thousand years of war and love
and hate

There palpably upstanding fierce and
bold.

Here sits he throned; beneath him, full
and fast,

The tides of Modern Life impetuous
run.

O Scotland, was it well and meetly
done?

For see! he sits with back turned on
the Past—

He whose imperial edict bade it last
While yon gray ramparts kindle to
the sun.

William Watson.

The Saturday Review.

TO ORIENT ONESELF.

I steered for land when tides were
flowing fast,

Far off I heard the foaming breakers
roar,

I brought my precious cargo to the
shore,

And in a crowded port did anchor cast.
My gallant ship was dressed from
prow to mast

With banners beautiful, hung aft and
fore,

My mates I greeted with full hands and
more,

"Give them, oh heart," I cried, "the
best thou hast!"

Why did they tease and vex and baffle
me

With traffic of base coin, with greed
and spite?

It is enough;—I seek the open sea,
Peace and wide spaces shall be mine
this night,

Where changeless guides will fix my
course aright,

The Polar Star, and Heaven's Infinity.
C. D. W.

"WORKS AND DAYS."

"Bend we now the lyre no longer: once
again the dull years come:

Once again, Pierian fountains water-
less, on that low breeze

Hearken 'Pan is dead' re-echoed
round the isles Echinades.

We melodious once enchained you:
now our music must be dumb."

Thus they clamor—bards who fash-
ioned of the swooning midday
sun;

Made of eve, and knew the soft con-
spiracies of murmuring limes,

Made of loves and ancient sorrow,
sagas of heroic times,

Sang the unexhausted ocean, and red
battles fought and won:—

Yet not well despairing, blindly who
have sought the random gleam

Beauty, following old footsteps till
her track upon the hills

Left the smoke and shout of cities
unremembered: roaring mills

In the valley, rosy torches, lifted over
wastes of steam.

Ah not thus the blind old poet sang
the marvels of the shield:

Nor that Hebrew, things created won-
derful and manifold,

Chanted, nor the wise Athenian,
when his Theban chorus told

All the works of man laborious: only
ye shall find revealed

Common places yet more human
through the furnace-reddened
gloom

Tones of clangorous iron, and frame
a larger melody that feels

Sternier ploy than shepherd's piping,
murmurs of relentless wheels

Songs and music of the interminable
throbbing of the loom.

E. V.

The Speaker.

